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Drawing by J. Norman Lynd.

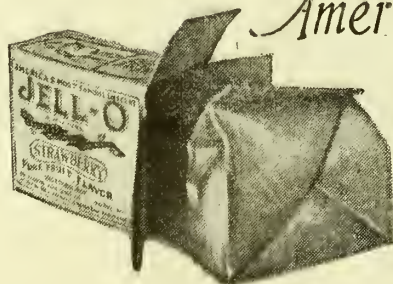
IN THIS ISSUE: The Happy Warriors—The Rising Tide of Veterandom—Bushwhacking Before Kitza—Two Centuries of New Orleans—Chairman Sprague's Letter to General Sawyer



"IT'S SO SIMPLE"

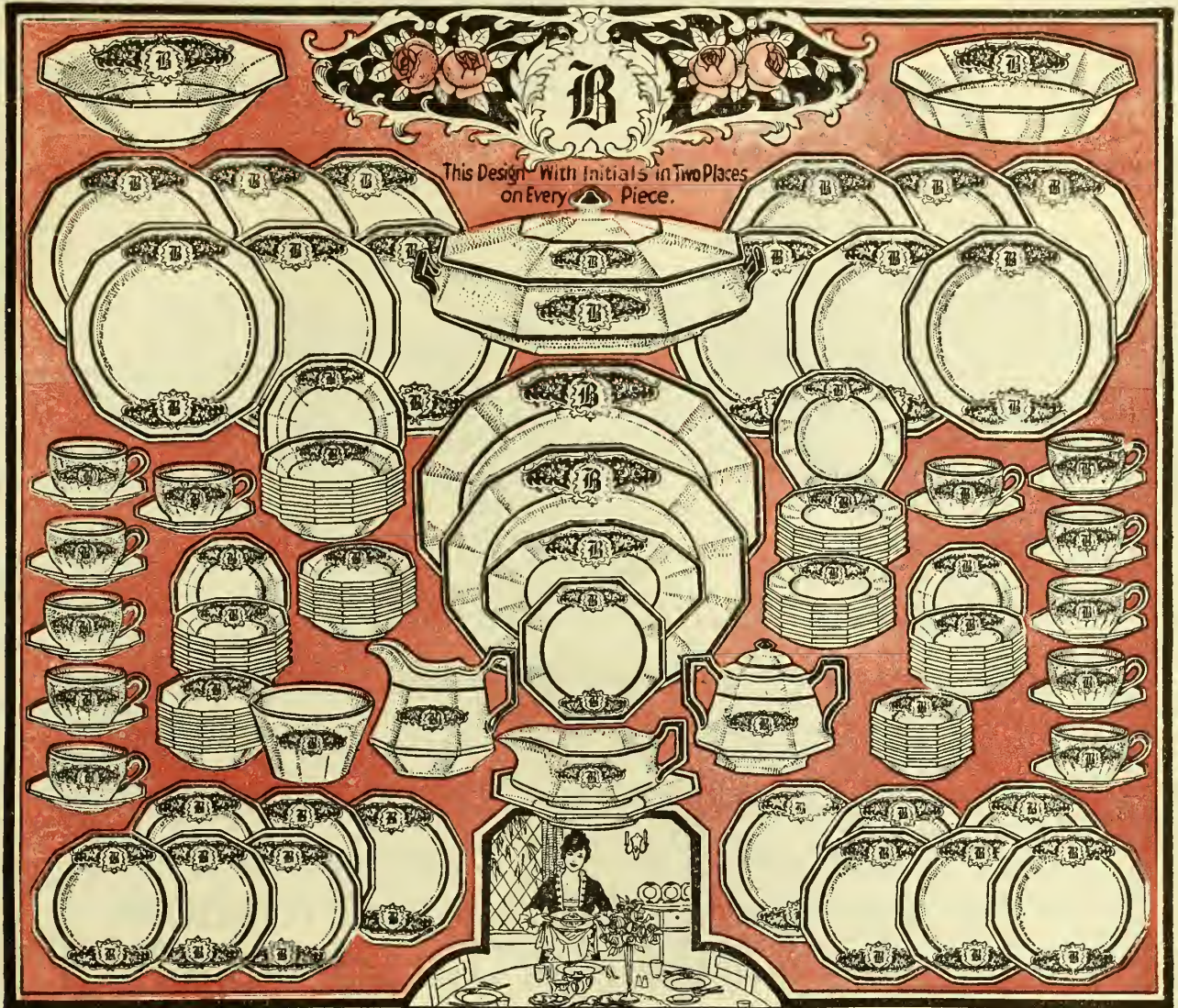
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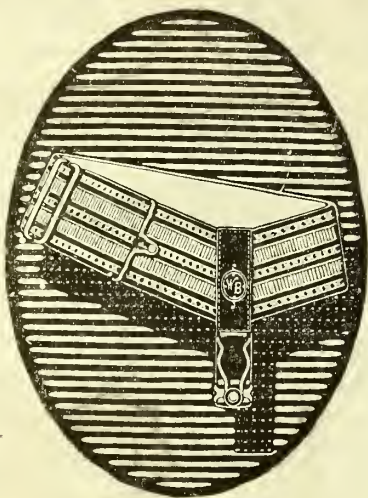
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Members of the 18th Ordnance Company, six to each third-class compartment, take a last lingering look at the station platform in Coblenz

The Happy Warriors

Life Is Not All Beer and Marks for the Yankee Garrison on the Rhine—But Most of What Isn't Consists in Worrying Over the Going Home Bogey

By Alexander Woolcott

FROM the high pole on the summit of Ehrenbreitstein the American flag still flies. On June 3d last, the American forces encamped there where the Moselle flows down to the Rhine was packed up ready to come home. The officers had crated their furniture, including the many rare pieces in satinwood and old mahogany that the new poverty had forced out of fine German homes into the waiting antique shops. The Quartermaster had sold off the extra motor cars and typewriters and butter stocks and cigarettes. Under the riverside trees and bushes at night-

fall the last farewells were being whispered.

Then over the cables from Washington came the new order—the revocation. Twelve hundred officers and men were to stay. The French, the Belgians, the British—even the Germans—had, for reasons into which sentiment entered precious little, besought the Harding administration not to give up entirely the American participation in the watch on the Rhine. At the last moment, Washington reconsidered, and when the news spread from the headquarters in the town hall to all the billets and barracks around Coblenz,

there was a great rush on the part of every American in the area to show reasons why he should be one of the 1,200 to remain.

It is hard for ex-members of the A. E. F. to realize that this would be so. They remember how, when the Armistice was signed, there began a great hum of impatience throughout all the ranks under Pershing's command—two million men with a single thought—"When do we go home?" You heard it at mess and in the Y huts and in the murmur of talk that buzzed in the barracks after taps. It became a part of every joke and every burst

of profanity and every song. When the Paris edition of the New York Herald published a smug and foolish article declaring that the American soldier's one idea was to finish his job and stick firmly in Europe till the treaty should be signed, there went up a roar of scornful, indignant laughter that could be heard from Cochem to Bordeaux. For all of us who remember that great homesick yearning it comes as something of a shock to discover that the A. F. in G. is The Army That Does Not Want to Come Home.

Yet, of course, it would be so, for these are Regulars, to whom the breaking up of the A. F. in G. will mean not a return to their homes and jobs and friends but a mere shifting to another detail. And they have the cream of the details now. There, encamped at one of the loveliest spots in all the world, liking the people around them and liked by them—there at Coblenz is a hand-picked garrison of soldiers paid in a currency so much in demand that one who has thirty-three dollars a month to spend is a lord of the land.

With the value of the American dollar soaring and soaring as the summer waxed and waned, the wayfarer in the Rhineland with just a few of those magic-working bills bulging his wallet is a rich man. If he has a prophetic soul, it may tell him that his voyaging is a little too like a picnic on the slope of a volcano. If he has a tender conscience, he may have the comfortable feeling that his shopping tours among the

antique stores is a trifle too much akin to the business known as grave robbing. But he is rich. He can loll in automobiles, eat and drink the choicest stuffs from the German larders, buy whatever the shops may display to tickle his fancy and have a score of natives to bow and scrape, fetch and carry for him.

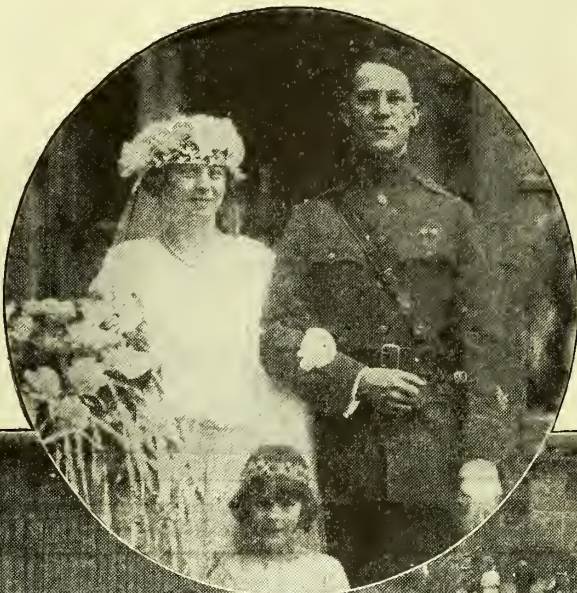
When I stopped at the Hotel Traube in Coblenz last month I had a bedroom that was not quite as big as the Union Station in Washington, but almost. They charged me 19 cents a day, a bewildering descent from the 1,300 marks a day I had had to pay for a not greatly superior room in Berlin the week before. I used to breakfast at the Coblenzerhof, and on my window-table overlooking the Rhine would be spread a repast of orange juice, oatmeal and cream, eggs on toast and a very vat of coffee. The bill would be about 12 cents. A fifty-cent dinner meant a dizzying succession of courses sluiced along by a quart of Rhine wine

as sweet and seductive as any that the cellars of the world can boast. It was preposterous.

No wonder the major wants to stay in Coblenz where his pay means an attractive, richly furnished house, a chef (\$10 a month), several minor servants and a shrewd German governess for his youngsters unless, as many do, he prefers to send his boys off to school, where they sit side by side with the younger squareheads of the town and whence they will one day sail back to America equipped for life with two languages perfectly mastered. No wonder the doughboy prefers Coblenz to Manila or Peking or some Texan fort. In Coblenz he is paid more than the burgomeister and twice as much as the supreme judge. No wonder that American officers on leave in the States contrive to slip over to Coblenz to spend their free weeks there. No wonder our aging generals and colonels, when once the Army has put them on retirement pay, make tracks at once

for the nearest ship and are found a fortnight later staking out cozy quarters on the Rhine. Coblenz is fairly choked with them, and one reason why it is impossible for the passerby to squeeze into the Coblenzerhof is because that hostelry is packed with retired American generals. You see them beaming on the terrace there—spending three hours for lunch and four for dinner and growing plumper and rosier and more mellow with every passing week.

(Continued on page 29)



Waiting for the train—and not a smile on a single fraulein's face. Above, "Here comes the bride", likewise the Herr Leutnant—a familiar sight in Coblenz these days

Bushwhacking Before Kitza



A Story of the North Russian Campaign

By Daniel H. Steele

A MOANING wind, skimming the bluff-tops of the Vaga, sawed its way into the gloom of the forest. It brought promise of a storm from the gray clouds it fled beneath. It shook snow flurries from the sagging trees and whirled the snow in the clearings into fresh drifts. But Private Brankin in his observation post was sheltered somewhat in a cranny where the bluff leaned out toward the river, giving him a view as far as Vistavka and the bend. He was cold and painfully cramped. But he was studying something of such interest that his discomfort was, for the moment, forgotten. He dug his stinging toes savagely into his rough wool socks and cursed his clumsy Shackleton boots.

There had been uncommon activity in Vistavka during the afternoon and, after more or less experimental squinting through a pair of frozen binoculars, he made out several companies of men and a number of sleighs forming in column on the road at the edge of the village.

Brankin's lookout was the extreme right of the forward position held by the Allies in the woods midway between Kitza, their advance headquarters, and Vistavka, the advance post of the Bolsheviks. A week before, Vistavka belonged to the Allies, but the enemy's heavy shelling had set fire to their billets or knocked them tumbling about them one by one. Then an almost successful infantry attack by more than a thousand of them had made it too hot to hold, and the Allies had withdrawn into the woods and held a thin skirmish line behind a clearing.

The government road winds south from Kitza to the two Vistavkas, following the eastern bank of the Vaga pretty closely. It differs from any other road in North Russia in only one particular; the trees are cleared on either side to a distance of perhaps two rods, making it more clearly defined and less difficult to follow. Like any road which takes its direction from a river course, it is full of twists and curves, uphill and down, where the bluffs are cut by creek-beds. And away into the unknown looms the tremendous, dread-haunted forest.

The Bolsheviks, expert woodsmen that they were, felt very timid about that forward position. They had been unable to locate its exact boundaries, and on two occasions, when they had searched and swept the clearing and

road with shrapnel for two hours, a strong patrol which followed the shelling was badly cut to pieces by fire from hidden machine guns. As a matter of fact, the position was manned by just two American platoons—a scant hundred men.

Presently the sergeant of the relief arrived at Brankin's post on his rounds and heard Brankin's story. He studied the gray panorama through his glasses, squatting down and steadying his elbows on the rim of the shallow hole they were in. The column had left Vistavka and could dimly be made out winding its way along the road at the edge of the bluff. The formation was a wretched one from a military standpoint, and Sergeant Sheldon, who knew just what it should have been, gave voice to his contempt.

"Look at the damn fools; you'd think they were going to market. Keep your eye on 'em, Brank, I'll get the lieutenant."

He crept back along the path, crouching low for the first hundred feet where the brush was thin and it was badly exposed, then straightened up and hurried into the timber to the log shack where the other platoon was resting, packed around a red-hot field range, reappearing in a moment with the lieutenant in command of the position.

He in turn located the approaching column, much closer now, its forward end out of sight in a gully, and estimated that there were upward of five hundred men in the formation.

"Probably just a working party," he said. "Still, we'd better not take any chances with that many. Sergeant, get that Canadian artillery chap and tell him to bring his phone out here. And sergeant," he added, "double up that post on the road and tell all the posts to keep their eyes open."

Just then three dull booms sounded out of the forest behind Upper Vistavka and the shells tore past high above them. Two of them exploded with a vicious crack several hundred yards behind their position, and the third, a dud, ricocheted off the ice in the river below and whirled off, whining and snarling, into the woods on the other side.

"It's no working party," said the lieutenant laconically.

More guns sounded and shells began to burst along their front, most of them ridiculously wild. A battery of heavier guns opened up, throwing their shells

into Kitza, three miles to the rear. Brankin thought he could see where they were firing from.

On their right, directly across the river, from the Bolshevik position in Evseyevskaia, a gun went off, startlingly close, and the shell clipped through the trees, almost deafening them as it blasted into the timber along the path. From this position the Bolsheviks could see the clearing quite plainly, and for a short stretch the path to Brankin's post was under their observation, in spite of its crude camouflage. They used the whizzbang which had just fired for sniping at movements along the path. The Canadian signaller must have exposed himself, for a moment later he slid into the post with a grin on his face.

"Hard to dodge that baby," he said.

The Bolshevik artillery now hammered away in earnest. They ranged on a dummy machine-gun position, set up for that express purpose, and pounded away at it until a direct hit showed it to be a decoy. Their field pieces sprinkled the forest with shrapnel, and their high explosive shells, searching for the blockhouse they knew had been built, crashed and echoed among the trees, making matchwood of great limbs and threatening death to everything in the woods. But they could not tempt a reply from the Canadian artillery or the handful of men huddled behind a few sandbags hidden in the trees, who were watching their every movement and nursing ready machine guns.

Phone connection had been made with Kitza and the lieutenant in Brankin's post had just reported the situation to Major Williams, the commanding officer, and now had the Canadian artillery village of Ignatovskaia on the wire. They reported the gunners of two sections standing to, and the lieutenant had just described the target to Winslow, the artillery officer.

"It's the spot we registered on yesterday, Doug," he said, "where the road from Vistavka turns, just before it comes into the clearing."

"All right, Dick. We've got that spot
(Continued on page 28)

The Rising Tide of Veterandom

Neutral Observers Believe 75 Service Buttons Will Bloom in the New Congress as Against 31 at Present

By J. W. Rixey Smith

IN your hands is the destiny of the next half century of the United States of America."

The President of the United States was talking to The American Legion. He had returned for a few days to Marion, Ohio, to join in the celebration of its centennial. Weary with many hundred miles of motoring,

but with the havoc of Gettysburg, terrible enough even in the mimicry of maneuver, fresh in his mind, he looked out on thousands of youthful faces, many of which had seen Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne in all their stark reality. And he felt constrained to remind the young veterandom around him of the great re-

sponsibility it was to meet in the days ahead.

"The veterans of the Civil War," said the President, "once they were organized, entered into the social, the political, the business, the moral life of this great republic. There was not anything that happened for fifty years that did not have the sanction of the

"Get In—For Your Country's Sake," Say Republican and Democratic Chieftains to the American Veteran

By John T. Adams, Chairman, Republican National Committee

EVERY young man of The American Legion should join some political party and become actively identified with its organization and purposes. He should do this for his country's sake and for his own sake.

America, by reason of its being a republic, is governed by political parties. They are the medium through which the people rule. It will be so as long as this is a representative government. Those who refuse to join political parties and assume the active duties of citizenship are slackers quite as much as those who dodge their duty in time of war. No slacker in war times has a right to criticize those doing the fighting. No slacker in peace times has a right to criticize those who are doing the political work of the country.

The young man of today is the one most vitally concerned with what America is to be in ten or twenty years. The older generation have about completed their work. They have a sentimental, a patriotic interest in the America of coming years, but they have nothing personal at stake. The younger generation of today have everything at stake in the America of coming years. Their personal success or failure will be determined by the economic and political conditions which prevail in this country in the next two decades. Their material welfare will depend upon whether this country remains a land of opportunity, of law and order, of fair play for talent and muscle and of safety for capital invested and labor employed.

America's foreign policies, which involve largely the question of future peace or war, will directly affect the life and prosperity of the rising generation. America's domestic policies will enter into the daily life of the rising generation. Domestic policies determine whether or not a people will be tax-ridden, whether or not the standards of living will be improved or lowered, whether or not there will be ample and reasonable returns upon invest-

ments, whether those investments be capital engaged in commerce or capital and labor employed in agriculture or labor employed in industry.

The policies of a nation which determine all these things are not made overnight. They are of slow and natural growth. The policies which will determine future conditions in America are now in the process of formulation. Surely no young man should neglect the opportunity to join a political party and become active in helping determine what these policies are to be.

By Cordell Hull, Chairman, Democratic National Committee

THE demand for clean government and the necessity for all good citizens to take part in politics should come with unusual force to the American veterans of the World War. The overshadowing international and domestic problems of this country today are problems growing out of that war. They are problems which veterans should know and understand, and most of the veterans do know them and understand them.

They know that the things they fought for in that war they have not obtained. They know the world has not obtained universal peace nor financial and economic stability. They know that the burdens of taxation resulting from that war have not been lessened nor fairly distributed as they should be; they know that foreign trade has been practically destroyed with consequent loss to business and industry, resulting in general unemployment; they know that the whole process of reconstruction has been delayed through vicious partisanship for partisan political purposes.

From the standpoints of the idealism for which they fought, of the material interests of the country they love and of their own personal interests, they have every reason to take an active part in political affairs for the betterment of conditions—not as a class, but as citizens who have already proved their devotion to their country.



Photo Paul Thompson



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Photo Campbell Studios



"In the opinion of expert observers the election of at least two ex-service senators in November is certain, Brookhart in Iowa and Reed in Pennsylvania; the election of Arentz in Nevada is probable, and the election of two, Emery in Michigan and Parker in Missouri, is possible."

conscience of the Grand Army of the Republic." And it was clear that, to the Chief Executive's mind, the mantle of the G. A. R.'s leadership and responsibility was now upon the sturdy shoulders of The American Legion.

Will The American Legion, and, through the Legion, the 4,800,000 ex-service men of the World War, be as powerful from this time on as the G. A. R. was after reconstruction was under way? Will those chapters in the nation's life—social, economic and political—that are to be written in these years of reconstruction and readjustment be measured by the yardstick of the Legion's "conscience"? Can this great soldier organization, with its avowed and manfully maintained purpose of "policies, not politics," dominate the nation's destiny? Will the President's prediction be justified?

So far as the politics, the government, of the country is concerned, he is indeed blind who does not already begin to see the rising tide of veteran influence. He stands like a stranger at the foot of the pyramids asking, "Where is Egypt?"

I have heard a number of estimable gentlemen, mistaking a few swallows for a summer, contend to the contrary. Look, they say, at the defeat of Senator McCumber for renomination in North Dakota, the downfall of the leader of the Legion's fight in the United States Senate for Adjusted Compensation. They take pains to omit, however, that ex-Governor Frazier, the victorious candidate, ran on an iron-clad pro-adjusted compensation platform, and out-McCumbered McCumber on that particular question, which was never an issue at all in the primary.

Witness, likewise, they point out, the "triumphant renomination" of Congressman McArthur in the Oregon primaries despite a vigorous fight against him by ex-service men on account of his vote against the Adjusted Compensation Bill. They overlook the rather pertinent fact that two ex-service men running against the Congressman divided the opposition but altogether polled 25,405 votes to McArthur's 15,702.

Then again, with a delight more apparent than justifiable, they rehearse the success of Senator Pepper in procuring the Republican senatorial nomination over Congressman William J. Burke in Pennsylvania, calling attention to the militant opposition of the successful candidate to the adjusted

compensation measure and the indorsement of his opponent by many of the service men of the State. They fail to mention that at the same primary in which "veteran influence" was thus so ingloriously routed, an ex-service man and strong advocate of adjusted compensation, Major David M. Reed, was unanimously selected for the seat in the Senate held by the late Philander C. Knox.

Such cases as these, held up as straws to show the wind blowing against "veteran interference" in politics, can be matched and more than matched by another array of results.

The nomination of Smith W. Brookhart for the Senate in Iowa is an outstanding example. Brookhart, a veteran of the Spanish War, the Mexican border and the World War, ran on a platform one of the principal planks of which was adjusted compensation for veterans of the World War. He polled a clean-cut majority over five opposing candidates. The decision of the Democrats of Pennsylvania to run Colonel Kerr, an ex-service man, against Sena-

tor Pepper, as well as that of the Republicans of the same State to nominate Major Reed for the seat of the late Senator Knox, is not without significance of the same sort. The renomination of 104 members of the present Congress, eighty percent of whom voted for the Adjusted Compensation Bill in the House of Representatives, does not seem to manifest a nation-wide anti-veteran or anti-adjusted compensation wave. Of seven Congressmen who have failed of renomination, six voted for and one against the Fordney bill.

To be absolutely frank about the matter, the primary results so far show, if they show anything at all conclusively, that adjusted compensation has not been figuring in the voting as anything like a determining factor. The veteran has not stood outside the election booth with a big stick in his hand, or, as one unfriendly critic has been compelled to admit, has not been begging at the ballot box. He has been content to vote his individual judgment as a good American citizen in the light of all the issues involved, rather than as an ex-service man or a Legionnaire interested in adjusted compensation or any other service measure. It can be said, as a fine tribute to the sincerity of The American Legion's non-political professions, that so far there has been no evidence of any attempt on the part of that organization, in any of its departments, to "punish" any senator or representative for a conscientious vote against Legion legislation or to reward any candidate for favorable votes.

To say, then, that the tide of veteran influence is rising does not necessarily mean that it is sweeping the veterans and their friends wholesale into power and position. It does mean, however, that overlooking the political battlefield this early before the November elections, one sees everywhere the more than five million voters who served in the World War standing up to be counted, bestirring themselves to greater and greater political activity.

Samuel S. Arentz, captain of Engineers in the World War and Congressman at large from Nevada, has announced his candidacy for the United States Senate on the Republican ticket. J. L. Milligan, captain in the 140th Infantry, 35th Division, and former Congressman from the Third Missouri District, is out to get his old seat back. Philip Tindall, 161st Infantry, 41st Division, will oppose Congressman John
(Continued on page 29)

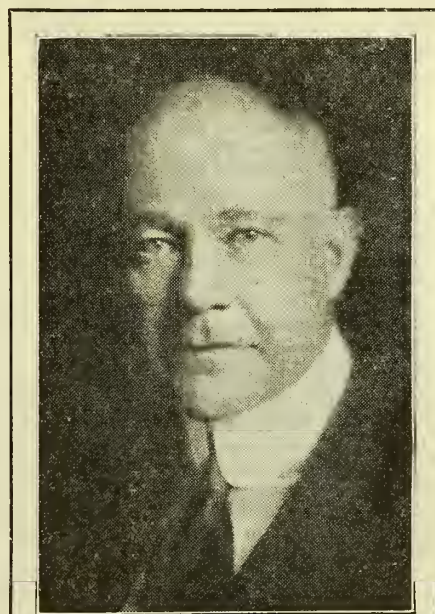


Photo from Paul Thompson © Harris & Ewing

Senator David Elkins of West Virginia, only World War veteran in the present Senate. He was elected in 1918 while serving in France with the Seventh Division

"General Sawyer, Stand Aside"

The Legion Puts the Responsibility for Hospital Construction Delay at the Door of the Chief Co-ordinator of the Federal Board of Hospitalization and Says, "Let the Building Program Proceed"

(See editorial on page 12)

"I hesitate to eulogize the Federal Board of Hospitalization but if you will stop to think it over . . . I feel sure you will agree that if those matters [the building of hospitals] were left to the Federal Board and all outside influence eliminated that the whole matter would get on with much greater speed and develop finally much more efficiently and certainly with greater economy."

THESE words, taken from a letter addressed to A. A. Sprague, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, by Brigadier General Charles E. Sawyer, the President's personal physician and chief co-ordinator of the Federal Board of Hospitalization, have, since their original publication in the nation's newspapers two weeks ago, confirmed in the minds of persons who have been following the situation rumors that have for some time been emanating from Washington to the effect that General Sawyer was planning a coup whereby he might supplant the Veterans Bureau and assume, in the name of the Federal Board of Hospitalization, full control of all hospital building programs for disabled soldiers.

Chairman Sprague, however, has not agreed that "those matters" should be "left to the Federal Board and all outside influence eliminated." He has taken up the General's letter and answered it point by point. His answer quotes the salient passages in the letter, which is therefore not reproduced entire here. Anyone who wishes to study General Sawyer's letter in full, however, may have a mimeographed copy of it by sending a request to the Weekly.

"Four years have already passed and the veteran is not yet provided for," declares Chairman Sprague, "A belated program is now being held up and changed. It is being changed to meet your approval." Chairman Sprague's letter is published herewith.

Your letter to me of July 12th presents certain statements and conclusions regarding the Government's care of sick and disabled service men which it is imperative that The American Legion should answer without delay or equivocation.

You say:

"Up to the present the whole subject of the World War veteran has been one largely of sentiment by many people. A year and a half ago when I came to my office in Washington, there were not minutes enough in the day to give attention to the people who were here sympathizing with the World War veteran and wanting to do something special for him. Today the story is very different. Few are there indeed who have particular concern."

Your assumption that "few are there indeed who have particular concern" with the disabled World War veteran is an indictment of every American citizen to which each must respond for himself. It ignores the positive, continuous efforts of The American Legion which have never stopped, no matter how disheartening the results. While your statement is a revelation of your own analysis of the country's attitude, it is also one on the explanations of a policy of interference, shameful delays and neglect of men and women to whom

this country cannot give too much, nor deal with too fairly, nor can they afford to have it truthfully said that they violated their solemnly given promises and pledges.

You also say:

"I am opposed to the domination of people outside of the government forces in this matter. I regard and will always regard with the greatest respect the opinions of any who may have opinions to offer and they will all be considered when occasion demands, but if the Government is to be influenced by outside organizations, associations or specialists' committees, we will continue to be in trouble."

Your opposition to the Government being influenced "by outside organizations, associations or specialists' committees" exists in spite of the fact that every bit of legislation now in effect for the disabled veteran was written and put through Congress by The American Legion. It was in correction of miserable neglect. It still fails to achieve for the veteran what the country desires he should have. This failure, we are convinced, is not due to the interference of organizations which are seeking honest, constructive co-operation with the Government, but to the constant injection of obstacles to the program as agreed upon, such as your failure to understand and interpret it in a help-

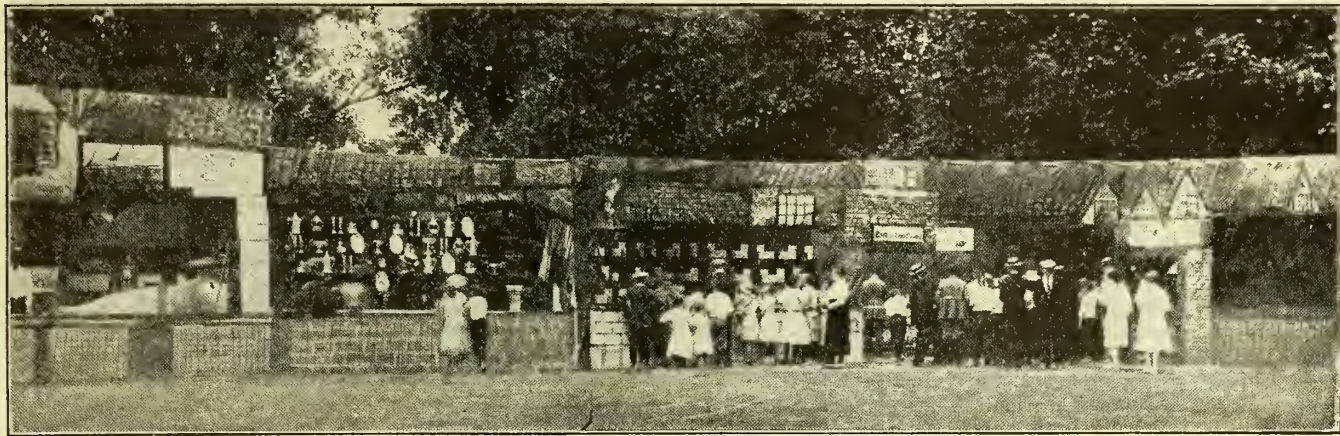
ful manner. These programs have been arranged at conferences between representatives of the Legion and those who are actually charged with the responsibility of administering this care, and the best group of medical consultants in this country.

The policy of The American Legion has always been one of constructive criticism and of close and hearty co-operation with the Government. Our effort has been directed toward a centralized, unified, responsible governmental bureau. By legislation such a body has been created in the Veterans Bureau. We are giving this body our fullest support, and with increasing confidence that if not interfered with by the other governmental agencies it will do the work satisfactorily.

A national program for the hospital care of service men who are suffering with mental and nervous diseases was agreed upon between the Director of the Veterans Bureau, the Board of Neuro-Psychiatrists who are recognized leaders in this country, and The American Legion.

This program is now being curtailed and delayed. The beds for nervous and mental patients have already been reduced 1270 from the 3800 beds to be provided by that program. When we remember that these recommendations were based upon money available and not upon needs and that in several dis-

(Continued on page 23)



A profitable French village, feature of the recent second annual field day of Schenectady (New York) Post

Putting Jack in the Post Till

The Surest Method Is to Give the Public Its Money's Worth—
Then They'll Come Back for More

By Franklin Stetson Clark

MONEY is as scarce in the northwest as red corpuscles in a turnip. We have it from Charles A. Schwartz, adjutant of James Roberts Post of McClusky, North Dakota. But chickens are still hatching in the springtime, and furthermore, the adjutant informs us that chickens are especially partial to Legionnaires in that section, and that a North Dakota hen sitting on sixteen eggs—if she's doing it in the interests of the Legion—will turn out fifteen chicks every time. Thus the idea of a set-a-hen campaign had its origin.

Instead of asking its farmer friends for money—which they didn't have anyway—the post asked each one to set a hen. At the time Adjutant Schwartz made his report 110 biddies had been set and it looked as though the 200-mark would be easily reached.

Well, now, if ten of the fifteen chickens each hen hatches live and grow up they'll be worth seventy-five cents apiece next fall. Two hundred, times ten, times three-quarters of a dollar, equals \$1,500—that's assuming 200 eggs are set. Even if no more than 110 are set it would mean \$825, if each hen does her duty the way the adjutant figures she will. What's more, the Legion isn't altogether dependent on the hens of North Dakota, anyway. Some of the post's

friends decided that such fickle creatures as hens ought to be supported by a few hogs and sheep, and donated a dozen or so little pigs and lambs.

This fall, when all the chickens and pigs and lambs—yes, and a few goslings and turkeys which we forgot to mention, besides, for all we know, a few guinea hens, ducks, rabbits and colts, which may be included in the "etc." tacked onto the end of the adjutant's summary—well, this fall when they've all grown up and are just straining at the leash to lay eggs, have their heads chopped off, their wool clipped or themselves made into pork, as the case in each instance may be, the Legion is going to hold an auction.

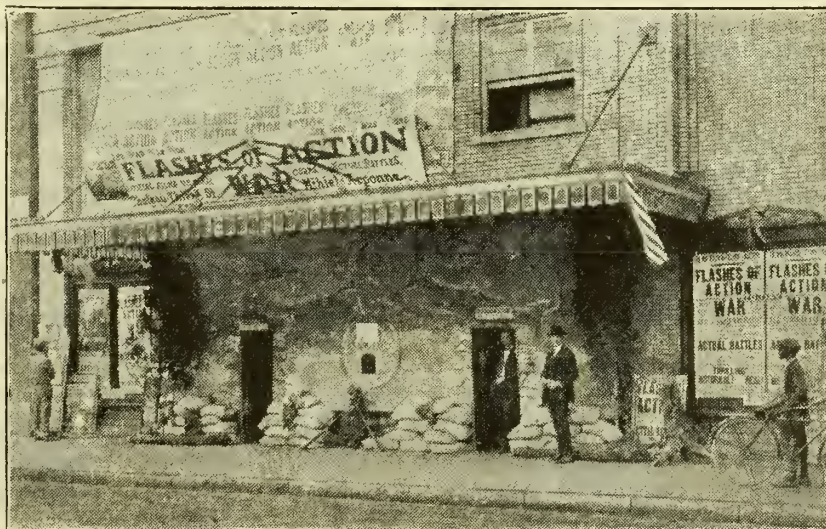
James Roberts Post is so sure that that auction is going to pay up that

it's already gone ahead and bought land for a buddy house which is to be a part of its program of aid to the disabled.

That last part sounds sort of solid, doesn't it? But don't think for a minute that we began this article about successful methods of raising money for Legion posts with a description of this set-a-hen campaign put on by James Roberts Post because of the serious object it accomplished. It goes without saying that it had a serious object. Every money-raising campaign worthy of the Legion's name does. No, we didn't choose it because of its seriousness; we chose it deliberately because of its amusing aspect. It is typical of thousands of amusing projects which have brought Legion posts

money when they needed it, and with credit to the name of the Legion. A questionnaire sent to all state departments shows this to be true.

When the Legion smiles money comes. The methods which have been most successful, both from the standpoint of raising money and from the standpoint of upholding the Legion's good name, have had a good amount of fun in them, though not all of the same brand. Some of them have been boxing matches, plays, musical comedies, minstrel shows, dances, bazaars, whist parties, (Cont. on page 26)



In Chattanooga, Tennessee, the local Legion gave a realistic touch to its advertising of "Flashes of Action," supplied by the Legion's Film Service

EDITORIAL



General Sawyer Convicts Himself

ON another page the Weekly prints a letter from A. A. Sprague, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, to Brigadier General Charles E. Sawyer, the President's personal physician and chief co-ordinator of the Federal Board of Hospitalization. The communication is in response to a remarkable letter of General Sawyer in which the General makes the proposal, in an adroitly couched suggestion, that the entire hospitalization question be handed over to the Federal Board, which means to General Sawyer himself.

The Weekly does not consider it necessary to publish in full General Sawyer's letter to which Mr. Sprague's communication is a reply. The excerpts selected by Mr. Sprague and by the Weekly convey the true gist and spirit of the General's communication; they reveal in the General's own language his position on the disabled, a position this magazine assails because it is so unsound, so misleading to the public, so dangerous and destructive to the sorely abused hopes of our uncomfited disabled who for nearly four long years have been the objects of such scandalous neglect.

Mr. Sprague's letter bears directly on the recent series of articles on the Veterans Bureau published in this magazine. The Weekly's object was to penetrate to the underlying causes of the present situation. This penetration, in the vital matter of the hospital shortage, reached straight to General Sawyer, who burst dramatically into the picture in March, 1921, when by virtue of becoming the White House physician he received a commission in the Army. His coming was at a most crucial moment. The Legion was bringing to conclusion the fruits of more than a year's incessant effort in which the opinions and experience of the nation's most eminent authorities were bound up—a comprehensive plan for the remodeling of the Federal machinery for handling the disabled problem. More than that, it provided the new machine of its devising with a program of hospital construction for which \$18,600,000 already had been obtained. And then came General Sawyer. With the mantle of White House indorsement upon him he was at once a factor. He has never ceased to be a factor, a powerful factor, a disturbing and a confusing factor.

General Sawyer's first announcement, made a few days after he donned his uniform, was that there were thousands of empty hospital beds, so why this haste to spend millions for more hospitals? This was followed by a government propaganda campaign on alleged "over-hospitalization." There was consternation in the ranks of the advocates of the \$18,600,000 program, but they went ahead. The "vacant bed" and "over-hospitalization" charges were exploded.

General Sawyer stuck to his guns. He maneuvered himself into a position whereby he could and did alter and delay the carrying out of that building program.

The Legion, taking counsel with the nation's greatest medical experts, sought a way out by seeking an additional \$17,000,000 for hospital building granted under such conditions as to make interference from outside the Veterans Bureau legally impossible. It was written into the law that the expenditure of this money should be in the hands of the Veterans Bureau.

There was need, as the Weekly pointed out, to mount guard over this victory. General Sawyer had not accepted the spirit of this law as conclusive. The White House issued a statement which generally was taken to be a reply to the Weekly's recent disclosures. It set forth that there are "available for occupancy 9,600 vacant beds" and denied any "general lack of hospital facilities for World War veterans." It is altogether misleading. It is part of the smoke screen being thrown up to conceal and confuse the efforts which are being made to circumvent the law and throw the new Langley bill's \$17,000,000 back into the

hands of those who brought delay and failure to the \$18,600,000 program. And this is only a tactical maneuver in the grand effort to strip the Veterans Bureau of its centralized authority, so dearly won, and bring about a return to the conditions of disunity and chaos from which the Government is slowly emerging.

The Sprague letter is proof that General Sawyer stands unswerved from his original views. The testimony of authorities and specialists of world-wide recognition seems to mean nothing to the General who speaks lightly of "specialists committees." As the fight wears on he reveals an astonishing ignorance of simple facts. He states, for instance, that the peak of hospitalization has already been passed. It will not be reached until 1926. This is the consensus of opinion of the foremost experts, of men who have always been right in the past.

General Sawyer would have "the whole matter" of hospitalization handed over from the Veterans Bureau to the Federal Board of Hospitalization. Federal Board of Hospitalization is simply another way of saying General Sawyer. There are eight members, the heads of government agencies, but General Sawyer, the chairman (or chief co-ordinator) rules. What he says goes "by direction of the President." This is in writing.

Such is this most audacious proposal. The issue is clean cut. It is a simple case of General Sawyer or the Veterans Bureau, of observance of the spirit of the law or disregard of it. Mr. Sprague has spoken for the Legion:

"I appeal to you, sir, to stand aside and allow this program of the Veterans Bureau to go into effect at once."

The Supreme Anniversary

IT was on August 1, 1914, that Germany declared war against Russia. On July 28th Austria had entered the lists against Serbia. On August 3d Germany acted against France, and on the same day broke faith with mankind by violating the Belgian border. Two days later England was in, so that August 5th found five first-class European powers pitted against each other in the greatest war in history.

Eight years ago this week Armageddon was well under way. Eight years—it seems eighty. For when great events crowd each other thick and fast the calendar seems to expand, like steam in a teakettle, in order to give them all room. To many a veteran his first pair of long trousers, his first cigarette, his first tryst with a pig-tailed beauty at the garden gate, all seem closer in the perspective of memory than that day when eight-column headlines proclaimed that the security in which he had always lived was being rudely shaken, that a catastrophe had been let loose which might (and eventually did) involve his country and himself.

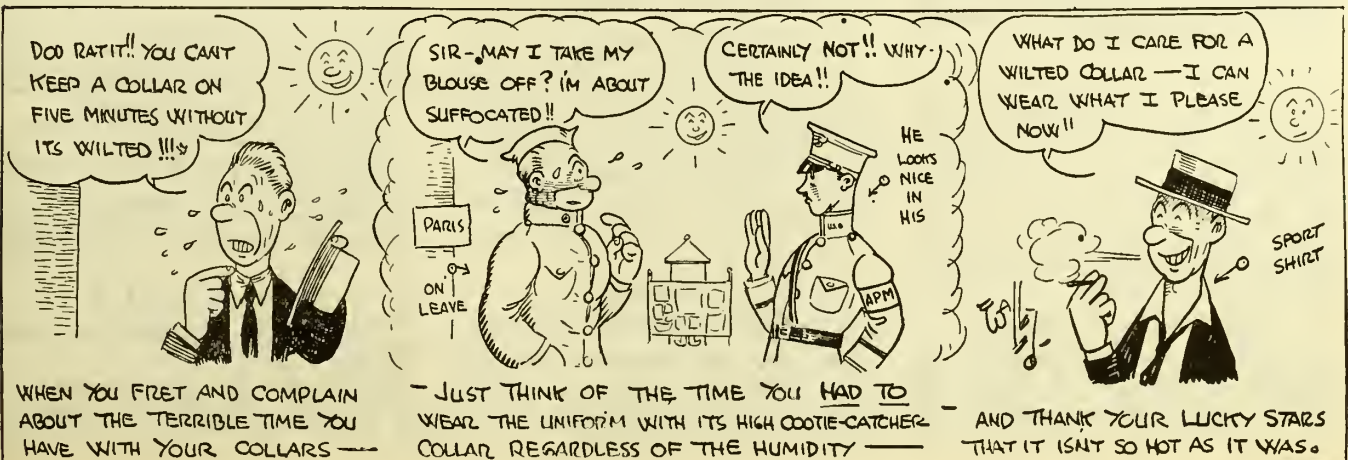
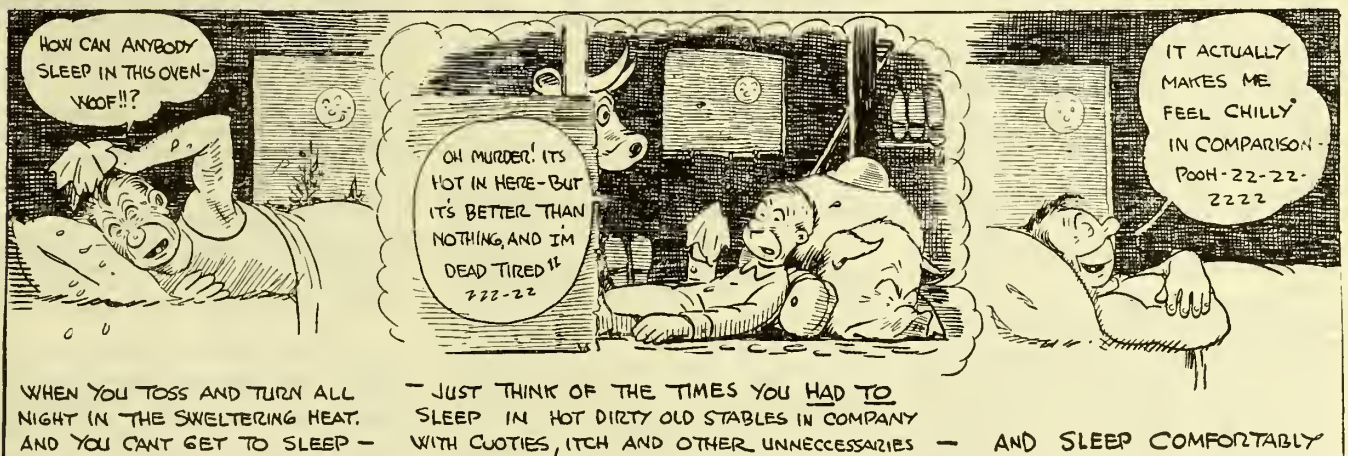
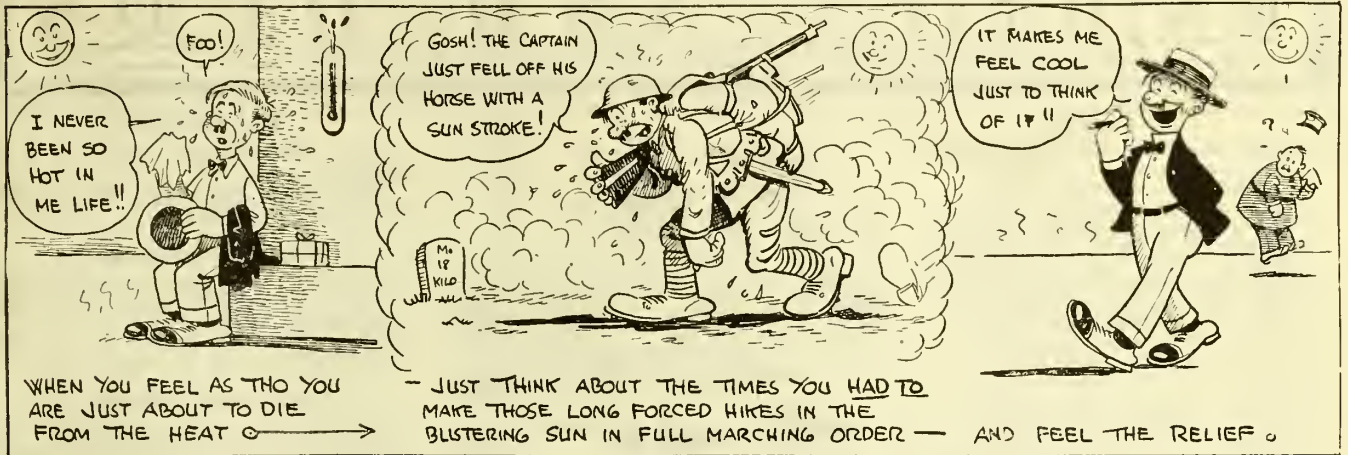
A census of the fathers of all Legionnaires would show that a large fraction of them were born in the early 70's. The "last" great international war was just over; the greatest civil war in history was already well in the past. For nearly thirty years little happened to disturb the domestic tranquillity; presidents were elected on purely home issues; tariffs and monetary standards and full dinner pails were the supreme political concerns. The young man of the 80's and 90's could look back over eight years and see it as eight years. It was a comfortable time to be alive.

Now, after four years of war and four years of (by comparison) peace, the world is still very much in turmoil. Things are likely to happen any minute, and they do. There is talk of more wars, bigger wars, and there are wars now in progress which a few years ago would have seemed big and exciting enough to please the most particular, yet we are barely aware that they are going on. These are not comfortable times.

It all comes to this: Is the world getting somewhere through all its travail; is it going ahead or is it slipping back? The answer is largely in the hands of the young men—not of America alone, but of all the world—particularly the young men who spent the years from 1914 to 1918 acting the history that is yet to be written. It is a question which our fathers, as young men, did not have it in their power to answer. No, these are not comfortable times. But we should be glad to be alive in them—glad that circumstances have given us an opportunity for service to country and humanity that no generation of young men was ever granted before.

Hot Weather Hints

By Wallgren



BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope

That Uniform

When they issued me those britches
I remember how I frowned.
On each leg I took six hitches
For to keep 'em off the ground.
And the blouse—it reached around me
Twice or thrice or maybe more,
And the collar used to pound me
Till my nose and ears were sore.
When they handed out the denim
Mine were number sixty, wide,
And I bubbled o'er with venom
As I wore the things outside.

But last Sunday, when I tried 'em
For the Legion's big parade,
Boys, I had to climb inside 'em
With the shoe-horn's kindly aid.

—R. F. HAMILL

Expert Advice

Malachi Hogan is a large cop who will tolerate no foolishness on his beat. One day he came across a workman who was leaving an unsightly and dangerous heap of gravel and dirt from an excavation at the side of the road.

"I will not have that," announced Patrolman Hogan sternly. "Get that stuff out of sight, at wance."

"Where'll I put it then?" asked the workman sullenly.

"Where'll ye put it?" echoed Malachi, amazed at such density. "Dig a hole in the road to be sure, and bury it."

But Where Is He?

"Now, can any lady here," asked the club lecturer, "define an ideal husband?"
"One who never passes a letter box without feeling in all of his pockets," answered Mrs. Practical from the front row.

Mental Pictures

Of Leading Cities as Seen by People Who Have Never Seen Them

New York. Six million people violently fighting each other for the possession of the twelve square inches of ground to which each is entitled.

Chicago. The entire population engaged in driving endless processions of hogs and cattle into slaughter houses, from which they immediately emerge as hams, sides of beef, lamb chops, bristle brushes and fiddle strings.

Philadelphia. Sleepy citizens dressed in Quaker clothes and using the words "thee" and "thou" in conversation.

Boston. Motorman, taxi drivers, street cleaners, holdup men and garbage collectors who chat together in Greek and Latin and put you right when you misquote Emerson, Walt Whitman or Amy Lowell.

Denver. A city of adobe huts built on the top of the Rocky Mountains, up which climb mounted Indians, incurable consumptives and hungry buffalo.

A Crash Expected

Two office boys, one temporarily out of employment, met in front of the palatial offices of a company capitalized at millions. Said the first:

"H'lo, Dick. Whatcher hangin' around here for. Thought they canned yer last week. Tryin' t' get took back?"

"Fat chance!" sniffed the other scornfully. "I just dropped around to see if they was still in business."

The Efficacy of Prayer

A dinky soldier was having a good deal of trouble getting a mule started. He coaxed and begged and finally sank to his knees and began praying earnestly, the



He: "Buy a cow? Why, how would we feed it?"

She: "It could live on my last year's straw hats."

Missouri flivver watching him intently. The moment he rose the mule started off at an easy pace without a word being said.

A white officer who had seen the odd performance demanded:

"What in the name of St. Swithin is the idea of that?"

"Well, suh," explained the dusky philosopher, "Ah's a pow'ful believer in de efficacy of prayer and he knows that as soon as Ah gets de Lawd's forgiveness Ah'll jes' whale de tar outer him, so he nacher'ly gets started when Ah's finished prayin'."

Right Back at Him

An opulent-appearing man drove up to the curb in a car that was not so opulent and was accosted by a small boy:

"Watch yer auto fer a nickel, mister."

"Beat it, kid, this machine won't run away."

"Naw, but I could call you when it starts to fall apart."

A Sybarite

In the gray light of early morning a guest of a small town hotel faced the night clerk resolutely.

"You gave me the worst bed in the place," he asserted angrily. "If you don't change me before night I'll go somewhere else."

"There is no difference in the beds," replied the clerk.

"Is that so? Well, how do you explain the fact that the man in the next room could snore all night, while I couldn't sleep a wink all night on mine?"

"The beds are all alike, sir," reiterated the clerk. "That man has been here before and he always sleeps on the floor."

Details, Please

Old man Matthews' daughter was reputed to be the slowest-witted and laziest girl in the State of Oklahoma. One day her father came in to find her sprawled in a chair with her feet in dangerous proximity to the blazing fireplace.

"Git up, gal," he yelled. "You're practically standin' on a red hot coal."

"Which foot, Paw?" drawled Sal, opening one eye.

No Hurry

"Come on, Bill. Shoot you one game of kelly pool."

"Can't, Joe. Got a date to meet my wife at five o'clock."

"Fine! That'll give us time for two games. It's only five-thirty now."

Plea Granted

Judge: "Why do you want your name changed, madam?"

Applicant (pathetically): "Please, Your Honor, it's Lizzie Tinford."

The Home Wrecker

Blackstone: "Now that your boy is back from college, I suppose his head is filled with money-making ideas?"

Webster: "Exactly. Only I wish he'd stop trying them out on me."

Operating on a Shoestring

A party of Easterners were encamped on the Bear River in Utah. A prospector came along one morning on a mule. He had his jaw tied up and at first seemed inclined to pass by without a word. On second thought, though, he halted and gruffly inquired:

"How fur to Salt Lake?"

"Three hundred miles."

"Hmpf!"

"Traveled far?"

"'Bout two hundred miles."

"Break your jaw?"

"Nope. Just an infernal toothache and I'm aridin' five hundred miles to get it pulled."

Without ado, one of the Easterners produced a string, tied it around the tooth and yanked it out.

"Why didn't you try that before starting on so long a ride?" he asked.

"Durn good reason. Didn't have a string."

No Story

Editor: "Was it an exciting divorce trial?"

Reporter: "Very dull. The wife didn't even wear a trim tailor-made suit with a charming picture hat."

Modern Art

"Here's where I prove an artist

Without a brush," he cried,

And drew a lovely maiden

Up closer to his side.

That's Economy

"I hear you give your little boy a quarter every week for good behavior, Ignatz."

"Sure, but I fool him. I told him the gas meter was a little bank I bought him."

The Truth At Last

Blam: "The only man poor old Jenkins ever told the truth to was a bootlegger."

Blub: "That so? What did he tell him?"

Blam: "He said: 'This is my last drink.'"

As You Were

Perhaps she meant well, but one must consider that he had been calling for a year, and had made no material progress.

"Henry," she whispered coyly, "I had a wonderful dream last night."

"And what did you dream?" he asked with interest.

"I dreamed we were married."

"Oh!"—pause—"well, perhaps you had better dream to-night that we have separated."

No Questions Asked

"Does your wife ever ask where you've been when you're out late?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know? Why that's absurd."

"No, it isn't. She knocks me down before she starts to talk."

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

The Editors disclaim responsibility for statements made in this department. Because of space demands, letters are subject to abridgement.

For the Other Fellow Only?

To the Editor: Every issue of the Weekly contains references to the necessity of educating the newly-naturalized citizens and school children in the responsibilities of citizenship. Ceremonies to impress upon the newly-naturalized citizens the responsibility of citizenship are repeatedly and continually advised; teaching of patriotic songs to school children receives universal endorsement. All of which is unadulterated hypocrisy. If the members of The American Legion had the respect that the newly-naturalized citizen and the school child have for the responsibilities of citizenship, all talk about the imaginary lack of appreciation upon the part of the newly-naturalized citizen and the school child would be eliminated.

The fact is that the so-called responsibilities of citizens are a joke to most if not to all of us, excepting to apply such responsibilities to some indefinite abstract group called school children or aliens.

There is no use of being hypocrites about it—our vaunted virtues of citizenship are fakes. If we had accused anyone else but the school child or the defenseless immigrant, the accused would have shown us up for the fakes we are long ere this.

Let us lay off the school child and the newly-naturalized citizen unless we ourselves are willing to do our share.

If instead of advertising ourselves as fostering a superior kind of Americanism for others, the standard of citizenship were raised within The American Legion itself, the influence of The American Legion for better American citizenship would become effective.

The accomplishment of this purpose is the underlying principle upon which our organization is founded, and the unqualified co-operation of all the members of The American Legion to the accomplishment of this purpose, not in conversation alone, but in their relations with their city, state and national governments, would not only establish The American Legion in the public mind and raise the standard of citizenship within The American Legion, but also have a tremendous moral effect upon all citizens in their relations with their city, state and national governments.—F. J. JENNINGS, *Eddie Lyon Post, Milwaukee, Wis.*

A Legion Chautauqua

To the Editor: Concerns promoting Chautauquas make money, or they would not exist. Why not have an American Legion Co-operative Chautauqua, promoted and managed by Legion men, with speakers and entertainers from the Legion, and backed by local posts throughout the whole country, carrying to every corner of the United States the principles the Legion stands for and putting across at the same time a mammoth Legion advertising campaign? Wouldn't it work?—JOHN G. DUKE, *Olean, N. Y.*

More on Letting 'Em Slide

To the Editor: I heartily agree with the sentiment recently expressed in a letter from the service officer of an Arkansas post that if veterans whom local posts have helped are not willing to join the Legion, even if the posts raised the dues for them, then we should "let 'em slide."

I have devoted much time in the past four years to helping veterans who came to our post for aid. In at least half the cases the man was not a Legion member. I would gladly help him and then have hopes I would be able to get him to join the Legion. Usually he would say he expected to sometime but not then, as he "didn't have the money"—and I know

many of them got the money later but did not join.

Just today I had a case in point. One of these "promising" parties was the first one to call at our post after we had mailed out the forms to be filled in for state compensation. I helped him fill out the form and made an application for his Victory Medal at the same time. Then I talked Legion to him—told him what we were doing for him and for his wounded comrades—and he left with the same old excuse and promise that I had heard so many times before.

It seems to me that if it had been me and someone had told me all the Legion was doing I sure would feel ashamed of

The Adjusted Compensation Situation

THE American Legion has proved its case in the matter of adjusted compensation. It is now in the hands of the jury, and they will give us a favorable verdict—we have their word for it. They have voluntarily bound themselves to remain in session until action has been taken. And the judge, if he is a righteous one, and we believe he is, will sustain the verdict.

We may have been pushed about a bit down in the ditch once or twice, but The American Legion has never yet lost a piece of legislation.

There is no man who understands the cause and effect of this measure who opposes it.

What is more important, we are right, and right always prevails in America.

HANFORD MACNIDER

myself ever to ask the Legion to help me purely for my own selfish good if I were not a member. Let us hope that some day these promisers will wake up and join. Perhaps then they will feel sorrier that they did not get in and help in the battle for all American veterans earlier.—AUGUST F. KIETZMAN, *Commander, Speicher Post, Gilman, Ill.*

To the Editor: With reference to the article of Comrade Frank L. Whitman on "Let 'Em Slide," I most heartily concur on the point. My post and several of the 141 posts in Tennessee that I have visited have helped and are still helping in a material way hundreds of veterans and still they refuse to join the Legion. "Let George do it," is the attitude of most all of them. I am ready to call a halt on this kind of work.—ROBERT B. BARKER, *Service*

Officer, Capt. Emerson J. Lones Post, Maryville, Tenn.

Salaries and Rehabilitation

To the Editor: The work of rehabilitating disabled soldiers has been inefficient mainly for lack of competent leadership. Competent leadership has not been had because of limitations placed by Congress on salaries that could be paid for this type of work.

The present Appropriation Bill provides for one man at \$6,500, one at \$6,000 and two at \$5,000 and a number at figures below this.

Immediately after the war the Director of Sales, charged with disposing of surplus machinery and supplies, was paid \$25,000. Four salaries of \$25,000 are authorized at present for members of the Shipping Board.

University presidents of first class institutions are paid from \$15,000 to \$18,000 at present.

Would any business firm entrust the development of a new business in an untried field involving the expenditure of over 150 millions per year to a man whose salary was set at \$6,500?

Congress has realized its fatal mistake in this matter and the Appropriation Bill for 1923 carries no limitations as to salaries. The Director of the Bureau, however, is nervous about paying salaries higher than those authorized last year. He needs moral support in this matter. He can secure competent assistants if he will pay adequate salaries.—C. R. MANN, *Chevy Chase, Md.*

Now He Belongs

To the Editor: I want to say something for The American Legion—it has done something for me. I was on placement training and I had to go to the hospital for treatment. While I was in the hospital the firm I was working for got a man in my place, and while I was trying to find a job so that the Veterans Bureau could place me my wife went to the Legion and told about our condition. The Legion got me back in training, and I want to thank my buddies for their kindness. Now you can bet I belong to the Legion.—J. E. C., *Jackson, Miss.*

Life Membership

To the Editor: Much has already been said in previous issues about membership and the annual membership campaign. This very post is contemplating a membership drive like all other posts throughout the department. Of course, most post committees have things well in hand, but it will undoubtedly take these committees several months thoroughly to canvass their community ward for ward or precinct for precinct. Considerable detail is necessary, and members especially trained in the proper approach. Sales ability has to be introduced. You have to sell it to them year after year.

This will bring them far into October, November or December in any particular drive—and by that time you are ready for another campaign to reinstate the members secured through the drive as such the next year.

Can't we work out some plan whereby an ex-service man becomes a life member of The American Legion, and must only reinstate himself yearly? If he fails to do so in a given time a special assessment could be levied or a fine imposed. I believe that post committees are really giving all of their time reinstating old members and securing new ones. Cannot this time be used to better advantage and devoted toward service and community interest? —ANTON MUSSIL, *Vice Commander, North Shore Post, Chicago, Ill.*

Two Centuries of New Orleans

The Legion's Convention City Is on the Itinerary of Every Traveler Who Really Aims to See the World

By Donald Hugh Higgins

A HUNDRED THOUSAND or more American Legion delegates to the Fourth National Convention in New Orleans in October are undoubtedly beginning to wonder what they will see in the half Old-French, half new-American Louisiana metropolis which will distinguish it from other cities they have visited in the United States and abroad. Why do world travelers unfailingly include New Orleans in their lists of cities which must be seen by the man who seeks the glamour of exotic places? Why is it called—much to the disgust of its progressive merchants and to the delight of its revelers—the “City That Care Forgot”? These questions, and others pertaining to its unique civilization, its peculiar maze of thoroughfares, its historical lore and its admixture of quaint peoples will be touched upon briefly in this article.

Much of the city's history has never been written and is known only through the stories which have been passed along from generation to generation. Many a dusty volume, tell-

Jean Baptiste Lemoyne de Bienville, who had been given a royal order by King Louis XIV to found settlements along the Mississippi River in order to make trade easier with Canada. The venture was financed by French capitalists.

Bienville brought engineers with him who laid out the old town so well that it still preserves its first lines. It was

and towers that once presented a formidable barrier to occasionally bloodthirsty Indians.

In that square mile of fortified city, a sparkling social régime developed which rivaled the luxurious one of old France under Louis XIV. Strong, fearless and daring men though they were, the first settlers donned colorful, silken garments with ruffles at



The new New Orleans—above, the business district; at left, Canal Street, which will be the main Legion parade route



ing of the days when men like Juchereau St. Denis swashbuckled through actual adventures which rival those imaginary ones of D'Artagnan, lies tucked away on shelves seldom discovered by aught but bibliophiles. But there is enough of commonly known and proved history to give the city a place apart for its romantic past and its present charm.

The site of New Orleans, discovered 240 years ago by the explorer La Salle, was actually established either late in 1717 or early in 1718 by a courageous and gallant young Frenchman named

built on the convex side of “the most beautiful crescent of the Mississippi River,” about eighty miles from the gulf, and although it has crept both upstream and down until the river boundaries are now the shape of a huge letter S, it still is called the Crescent City. The original municipality, in the heart of the present New Orleans, is called Le Vieux Carré de la Ville. It is about a mile square and is bounded by the river, Canal Street, Esplanade Avenue and Rampart Street, which replaced the old protective moat with its defensive wall

wrist and collar, carried their rapiers jauntily and fought with each other for pure sport when there was no declared enemy to conquer. Their ladies, in beautifully fashioned creations from Paris, scoffed at the slippery, muddy streets as they were borne along in gold-lacquered palanquins by muscular slaves. Unlike the stern, rigorous pioneer of New England, the Louisiana settler waged his war against primitive savagery with careless bravery and maintained at the same time the social amenities of his native land.

The old town in which this romantic life progressed still stands with many of the building intact, especially those strong stone and stucco Spanish structures built after the great fire of 1788. The cathedral of St. Louis with its twin spires, the cabildo or government house at its right and the presbytere or priest's dwelling at its left, facing the Place des Armes, the long rows of French apartment buildings on either side of the same square with their delicately scrolled iron gallery railings, have scarcely been altered since the



Jackson the raw troops of the regular army battled side by side with recruits from the famous pirate band of Jean Lafitte, with Creoles from the city and State and with woodsmen of Kentucky and Tennessee. With these invincibles Jackson was able to fulfill his promise to the anxious ladies of the Crescent City that they need not fear the enemy because he would never reach New Orleans, and to thwart the desire of the English leader, Pakenham, of "beauty and booty" for English troops.

The fire of 1788 and the Battle of New Orleans marked the two periods of greatest municipal development. The conflagration burned the entire commercial section of the

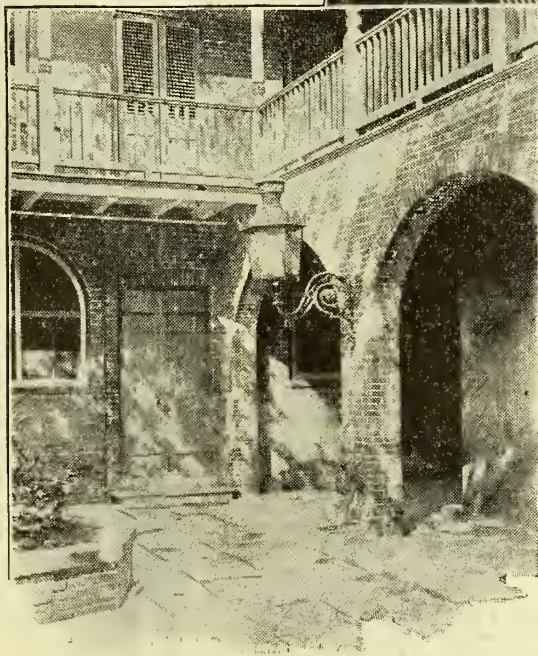
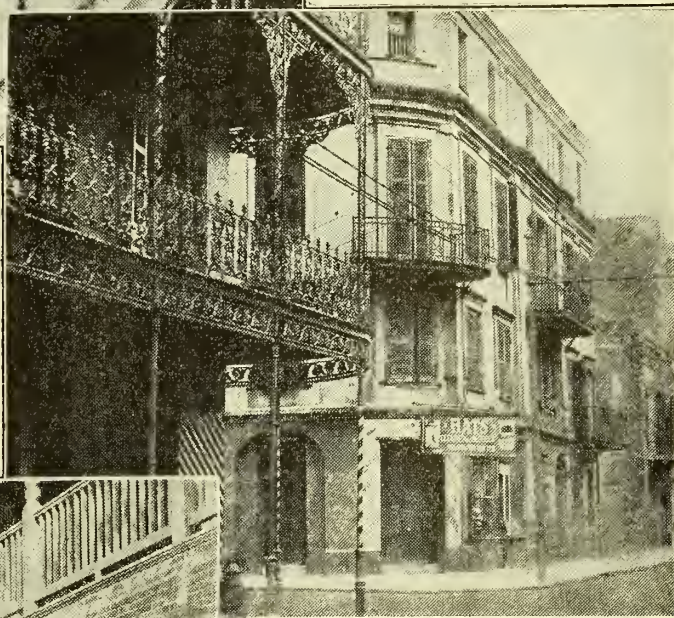
Revolutionary War days when they were built.

Before 1762 the population of New Orleans was totally French. In that year Louisiana was transferred to Spain by a secret clause in the treaty of Fontainebleau which was not discovered in America until a Spanish governor sailed up the Mississippi River and took possession. It was then, for the first time in history, that the rebel spirit was shown in this country. The indignant inhabitants of New Orleans, faithful to their native France, were led by six of their most powerful men of affairs to order the new governor, Ulloa, either to reconsider his haughty refusal to produce his authority from Spain or to leave within the month. The Spaniard declined and was sent back on his ship with his family and retainers.

In reprisal, the next Spanish governor, O'Reilly (pronounced Oh-ray-he)—down in New Orleans history as "Bloody O'Reilly"—had the six Creole leaders lined up against a wall and shot. This action engendered a fiery hatred between the two Latin peoples which became fused into a common flame only after the cession of the territory to the United States in 1803. Then both Spanish and French Americans, who held the same bond of culture and refinement, became united against the progressive, and to their minds uncouth, men of the States who entered the city, pushed it forward and brought their own government to it. The coolness between the two peoples was perhaps the greatest factor in the development of New Orleans into its present dual character.

Let it not be understood, however,

Jackson Square, showing, left to right, Pontalba buildings (with grilled galleries), the Cabildo, Cathedral of St. Louis and the presbytery of the Capuchin priests



The first skyscraper in the Louisiana Purchase (above), built in 1774. At left, courtyard in the home of Paul Morphy, former world's chess champion

original French settlement, destroyed the richest dwellings, the town hall, the jail, the parish church, the quarters of the Capuchin priests and 19 squares, including 816 homes. Six years later, another fire consumed 212 buildings.

Then, like Rome, New Orleans made progress. A Spanish financial wizard, Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, directed a large part of the rebuilding to such good purpose that his magnificent structures still stand. The Ursuline convent, which is now an ecclesiastical home for clergy attached to the archiepiscopal palace, was one of his achievements. Another was the Cabildo, then the house of government, and now an historical museum brimming with rich treasures of the early days. The old Absinthe House, once the headquarters of Lafitte, the pirate, and his hardy buccaneer confederate, Dominique You, may be seen today with its first dripping stone, through which holes were worn by the drops of water spilled after frappés had been dripped

(Continued on page 24)

that this estrangement had formed before that great event in the city's history, the Battle of New Orleans. On the bloody fields of Chalmette, a few miles downstream from New Orleans, the little American unit fought as one against the flower of England's army just after the latter had triumphed over Napoleon. Under General Andrew

Buddy on the Box

Yanks Made Mars Bring His War Chariot to a Halt, So Portland, Oregon, Has Tried Them Out as Traffic Cops

By Ray W. Frohman

ACOP — especially the species most in the public eye and ear, a traffic cop—is one thing; a hero of the Argonne and way stations is another; but Portland, Oregon, has grafted one upon the other and produced the O. D. cop.

Glenn H. Ticer, once of the 364th Infantry of the 91st Division, director of the unemployment committee of Portland Post of The American Legion and chairman of the Department of Oregon's employment commission, aided by unusual economic circumstances and the co-operation of Mayor George L. Baker, Chief Jenkins and Police Captain Henry A. Lewis, commanding the traffic squad, is the responsible party.

Last spring Portland's longshoremen and waterfront employees and employers staged a strike (or lockout) which lasted more than two months. Regular policemen were withdrawn from their posts for strike duty and specials were hired to take their places. Ticer immediately sought to have ex-soldiers placed as the required specials, albeit temporarily appointed as regular sworn-in cops on the regular pay roll at about \$125 a month.

At first he supplied twenty men. Gradually more were needed, more regulars being diverted to strike duty, until the number grew to 150. Half were from Ticer's bureau and a large proportion of the other half also were ex-service men—known to the police personally or through former employment as deputy sheriffs and specials. Many ex-service men who had turned patrolmen after the war, but had been laid off when a local tax reduction axe lopped off forty regulars in order of seniority, thus came back on the force.

Some of these specials went on patrol duty in outlying districts where the crime waves are shortest. A few guarded property at the municipal docks. None, as Ticer explained in an address at the longshoremen union's hall (following a visit from a delegation of inquiry and protest which in-



Vernon Daugherty, ex-Engineer, on duty without pick or shovel, but clothed all in O. D. and civic authority



H. R. Ludington, far removed from Company K, 104th Infantry, demonstrates politely with a party who is trying to beat the sign

cluded many ex-service men), acted as strike-breakers or guards for strikebreakers.

Of the traffic squad of fifty-two, including the motorcycle squad, men tagging machines, and other details, some 24 went on duty at street intersections. About twenty were O. D. cops. While a few had done regular M. P. work in cantonments or overseas or had been temporarily assigned to that justly celebrated sport, most of them were green as the isle credited with being the permanent source of America's finest. Yet there was no awkward squad. Regular traffic

cops while still on the job trained them by pairs. Within a few days the rookies blossomed forth as competent corner kings, adding to municipal life in the webfoot metropolis the snappy appearance, the authoritative touch, the impression and the high visibility that only issue goods have for a public which has not forgotten what the uniform did for them and stands for.

But a fly appeared in the sartorial ointment. Cops provide their own uniforms. A few of the men had worn theirs out or been forced to part with them. Whereupon the phenomenon of the civvie-cop, a gentleman in the field regalia of Hart, Nifty & Kahn, directing his peers from the center of an intersection solely by virtue of a shining official star. Then, too, there was the chap in the French ambulance service before his uncle went over the top. He pieced out the O. D. portions of his frame with a

looser garrison cap of khaki and a French coat, but gradually standardized his exterior.

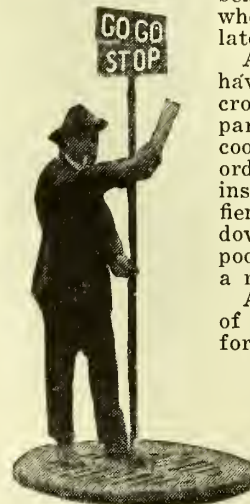
All of the new cops had had jobs before their appointments. This stunt was a life-saver, a godsend. They were mighty hard up—some in debt. Many, odd-jobbing a few days a week all winter, had earned food and rent on a pay-as-you-go-basis but were unable to get ahead or meet unusual expenses. They borrowed money to tide them over until their first monthly pay day. One, transferred from traffic duty, had to borrow the price of his revolver. And one, shortly after his first-born died, had been presented with another baby.

Men on a new job are almost always very much on the job. Denials and protests by alleged traffic violators were at first somewhat more numerous than normal—folks thinking their chances of getting away with it being greater because of the buddy-cops' comparative greenness. But when buddy at the semaphore detected a violation, it was another buddy on the bench, Judge W. A. Ekwall, who officially spanked the violator.

As for morale, people who have dodged H. E.'s stood crow's-nest mid-watches and participated in the great cootie offensive laugh ha-ha at ordinary coppy perils. One, instead of berating a speed fiend who almost ran him down, kidded him about his poor driving—just as effective a rebuke.

And efficiency! The number of a machine stolen in California was given the bunch at H. Q. Less than two hours later a traffic buddy nabbed it circling his playground.

And busy executives, observing from their office windows the boys making the world safe for Fords, have written letters to the mayor, commending their efficiency in terms of unqualified praise.



W. L. Hope, late of Battery D, 39th F. A., is none the less powerful for not wearing a uniform at his go-go station

Keeping Step With the Legion and the Auxiliary



A Rival for the C. M.

NEXT to our good-looking Circulation Manager, the greatest publicity hound we know is the Director of the Emblem Division. He's perpetually in a white heat of enthusiasm over the things he is selling and if we gave him half a chance he'd gobble up all the space which survived the attacks of the C. M.

The worst of it is, the Director of the Emblem Division is convincing. He has to be in order to run the business he heads—with 11,000 posts as his customers, with a snappy catalogue bringing in scores of orders daily, with his advertisements in the Weekly bringing other orders in. He's the merchant prince of our organization, our big business man, and when he gets an idea it sizzles into execution. As we said before, he's convincing.

"Look here," said the Emblem Division Director, "if you want to know how we try to do business, read this—" and he handed us this letter from a Post Adjutant in Illinois:

"Armistice Day is scarcely more than four months ahead. We want to be sure we'll have every Legion grave in our county bearing a Legion grave marker on that day. Send us half a dozen at once. We're going to keep a supply of bronze markers on hand, considering that it is as much our duty to mark a grave promptly as to conduct the funeral ceremonies. Just before last Memorial Day we discovered two graves of Legionnaires which hadn't been marked. Luckily we had just that many markers in stock. We resolved then to keep a supply of grave markers always on hand. If we had found three graves instead of two, one of them would have been unmarked last May thirtieth. Now, we're planning ahead for Armistice Day."

"There," continued the Emblem man, "is a suggestion for every other Post in the country. Deaths occur in almost every post during the course of a year. The Emblem Division fills orders as rapidly as possible, but delays in delivery sometimes happen. Please pass along the idea that every post ought to keep at least one grave marker on hand. They cost \$1.30 each, a price which is low and is apt to go higher."

We gave our oath that we'd pass the information along.

"There's one thing more," said the Emblem Man. (We knew there would be.) "Grave markers are not the only things which should be carried in stock by Posts. Every Post ought to keep on hand a supply of membership buttons. They cost only two bits apiece,

and if post members know they can get new buttons immediately if they lose their old ones, they'll do so. Look around and you'll see some good Legionnaires who are forgetting to wear the button. Some have lost theirs. Others simply forget to put on the button when changing from one suit to another. Every man really ought to have two lapel buttons, the extra one for emergencies.

"And while you're about it, remind everybody that a post meeting isn't complete unless post officers wear the ceremonial badges which are specified in the book governing rituals and meetings. And there are a lot of other things which every post ought to have if it hasn't already got them. Tell them to look over our catalogue—send for a new one if necessary—and order a stock of everything the Post or individual members are likely to need. We like to consider that the Emblem Division is a wholesale house and that each post is a retail branch."

From the Pulpit

THERE is another way of getting the Legion before the public which is apt to be overlooked or taken for granted. Everyone knows that among the best workers within the Legion are the ministers who served as chaplains during the World War. They possess an understanding of the veterans' viewpoint which the man who kept at his regular work during the war—our fathers and older brothers—can never acquire. Most of them have already told their congregations of what they saw and experienced in the war. They have spoken from the viewpoint of the man who was an actor rather than a spectator in the world drama. They are particularly fitted to explain and interpret the things the Legion is trying to do today.

Of course, not all ministers could be chaplains during the war. Most of those who remained at home felt the keenest interest in what we were doing while we were in uniform. They helped to welcome us home and we knew they were sincere when they told us how the people had been "with us" all along. They have been watching us ever since, and they know pretty well what we have been doing and trying to do.

Now, why not request our pastors, whether or not they were chaplains during the war, to make the American Legion the subject of one or more sermons? Not with the expectation that they will indulge in fulsome praise or flattery, but in the hope that they will try to present a true picture of the accomplishments and possibilities of our organization. If they do not know all the details of these, they can learn them from Legionnaires.

Legionnaires would gladly attend services in a body to hear a sermon on the Legion. In some towns, a Legion Sunday might be observed with sermons on our organization in all the churches. Every post can think up ways in which it may co-operate with the ministers on their sermon plans.

Legion Calendar Membership Contest

Less than three weeks to that first prize of \$500. The contestants are going great guns, but it's not too late to begin.

Athletics

The greatest amateur athletic event of the year, at the New Orleans National Convention. Your department representation in the meet must be registered with the Secretary, National Athletic Commission, American Legion National Headquarters, Indianapolis, before September 15th.

Essay Contest

When school reopens, every teacher in the country will want to put the essay contest up to her pupils—if she knows about it. Make sure she knows.

Summer Activities

We lived out-of-doors four years ago; we still have time to get in the best of the old life with a Legion tinge. Will you spend your vacation at a Legion camp?

The Disabled

The men in hospitals near your town like your company. Visit them!

Coupon Clippers All

PRETTY soft for us this week. We asked the Advertising Manager if he wouldn't like to write a couple of lines about those coupons he runs on the next to the last page and he said yes. This is what he went and wrote:

One of the best salesmen for the advertising department has been Buddy in the Barrel, ably assisted by Coupon, his man
(Continued on page 22)

EX-SERVICE INFORMATION

National Soldiers' Homes

Six hundred or more World War veterans who are unable to earn a livelihood, but who nevertheless are not entitled to compensation from the Government for the reason that their incapacities are not of service origin, are now guests at the ten National Homes for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers established originally for Civil War veterans. These 600 men are not in need of hospital treatment. They simply are broken men—for the most part men who are victims of circumstances which have caused their temporary withdrawal from workaday society. The unemployment situation, with the crushing of the spirit of the individual it entailed, sent many of the 600 into refuge.

In addition to the 600, there are in the National Soldiers' Homes receiving hospital treatment more than 2,500 other World War veterans. These are divided into two classes: those receiving hospital treatment in these homes because they are not entitled to it by the laws under which the Veterans Bureau hospitals operate, their disabilities not being of service origin; and, in a larger group, those patients who are under the care of the Veterans Bureau in Soldiers' Homes which have been converted into special hospitals.

It is important that Legionnaires generally should know that the National Soldiers' Homes provide a means of caring for World War veterans who are unable to support themselves when these men are unable to obtain compensation or hospital treatment from the Veterans Bureau. So liberally is the law governing admissions to these homes construed that they provide not only for men who actually served, but also, in case claims arise, for many thousands of men who technically were never in service. The Veterans Bureau several months ago ruled that men who were passed by draft boards but later were rejected at training camps are eligible for admission to these Soldiers' Homes. These men are not eligible for compensation under the law, because there is presumably no reason to believe that there was an aggravation of an existing disability in the short period between their induction by draft and their rejection at the cantonment.

The National Homes also provide hospital treatment for veterans whose disabilities were incurred during service on the Mexican Border, these men not being provided for by the hospital laws under which the Veterans Bureau operates.

Those who actually served in the World War and were honorably discharged may be admitted to the homes if they are disabled by disease, wounds or otherwise, have no adequate means of support, are not otherwise provided for by law and are incapable of earning their living. This means also that a man may receive hospital treatment at a home whether his disability is shown to be connected with the service or not and whether or not he is compensable. Even if a man's claim for compensation has been disallowed and he does not come under the provisions of the Sweet Bill, he is still entitled to hospitalization for as long as he may need it at a National Soldiers' Home.

In order to obtain admission to a Soldiers' Home, application blanks should be requested from the Governor, National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, National Military Home, Ohio. This Home in Ohio is the headquarters for all the Homes distributed through the United States. Usually a man is requested to send in with his filled-in application form his discharge certificate and any other papers which may establish his claim for admission. The usual procedure, if the applicant has been deemed eligible, is to

EX-SERVICE persons seeking adjustment of claims or information should apply to their post service officer. If the settlement or the information sought cannot be obtained locally, inquiry should be addressed to National Service Division, National Headquarters, American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

instruct him to report at the proper branch, generally the nearest, for admission. If on an original admission an applicant is unable to pay his own transportation, the governor of the Home will include with the instructions a transportation request to the nearest branch. In those cases where the applicant needs special treatment, he may be sent, not to the nearest branch, but to the nearest branch equipped to take care of his particular case. Veterans also will be admitted if they present themselves in person at any of the branch Homes, providing they are eligible. The district offices and sub-offices of the Veterans Bureau also will arrange for admissions to Soldiers' Homes.

The Mountain Branch Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tennessee, has been set aside as a tuberculosis sanatorium, with a capacity of about 1,050 beds. On June 1st it held 617 patients. The Marion (Indiana) Home has been made into a home for neuro-psychiatric patients, and it was caring for 768 men on June 1st. The other branches, with their locations and numbers of World War veterans being cared for on June 1st, are:

	Barracks	Hospital
Central Branch, Dayton, O.	64	449
Northwestern Branch, Milwaukee, Wis.	219	144
Eastern Branch, Togus, Me.	51	19
Southern Branch, National Soldiers' Home, Virginia	6	23
Western Branch, Leavenworth, Kans.	642	33
Pacific Branch, Santa Monica, Calif.	37	294
Danville Branch, Danville, Ill.	15	13
Battle Mountain Sanitarium, Hot Springs, S. D.	108	126

The branches at Dayton, O., Togus, Me., Santa Monica, Calif., Johnson City, Tenn., and Hot Springs, S.D., have special facilities for giving treatment to tuberculous patients, but each branch home has a hospital of its own.

The National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion has recorded its belief that while these Soldiers' Homes provide valuable supplementary hospital facilities, they should not be utilized to delay or prevent needed hospital construction, and it has opposed transfers on a large scale from Veterans Bureau hospitals to the Soldiers' Home hospitals, which were not designed to accommodate great numbers of patients. The Third National Convention of the Legion at Kansas City commended the use of the National Homes as hospitals in harmony with this viewpoint. Under the \$18,600,000 hospital appropriation of the spring of 1921, \$1,400,000 was designated to provide 500 beds for tuberculous patients at the Home in Milwaukee, Wis. These are expected to be available next fall.

Questions

Arrears in Insurance Premiums

Why should a partially disabled ex-service man be required to pay all insurance back premiums with interest at five percent, while healthy service men can reinstate

their policies simply by paying two months' premiums? Particularly unfair, it seems to me, is the fact that a partly disabled man, rated at sixty percent disabled at one time, his disability rating later reduced so that his compensation is taken away from him, finds it necessary to repay all arrears in insurance premiums in case he is thoughtful enough to provide for those to whom he owes protection. The partly disabled man is disabled on account of his service to his country and he should be able to reinstate his insurance on the basis of the man who is not disabled at all.—A. E. L., Munising, Mich.

While you are justified in raising the question of needed revision of the Government insurance law to eliminate a seeming unfairness, the Insurance Division of the Veterans Bureau takes the view that by allowing men with great degrees of disability to reinstate their policies upon payment of all back premiums it is allowing otherwise uninsurable men to regain protection. Legally, it can only do this by acting on the assumption that the insurance never had lapsed. If it never had lapsed, all premiums with interest must be paid, the Bureau argues. A letter from the Chief of the Division states:

"In doing this the Government is assuming a liability, for the reason that losses under reinstatements of this class will necessarily be greater than the premiums received, together with interest, whereas the two premiums collected from an insurable risk are amply sufficient to meet all losses which will occur under this class of risks. . . .

"The fact that a man is suffering with a disability does not necessarily mean that he can only reinstate by paying up all his back premiums with interest. If such disability is a minor degree and does not impair the insurance risk; in other words, if the injury is not sufficient to affect the longevity of the applicant, he is still an insurable risk and may reinstate by paying only two monthly premiums."

The real point at issue, of course, remains this: Should the Government not generously assume this extra risk, because of the heavy burden which payment of all back premiums places upon disabled men who are often unable to raise the comparatively large sum necessary? By the cold mathematics of the insurance actuary, the present practice is indeed generous. Judged by the obligations of a Government to its disabled defenders, it might not so appear.

Outfit Reunions

CONTRIBUTIONS for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

6TH DEPOT BATTALION, SIGNAL CORPS—Members of this outfit interested in reunion address F. P. Rogers, 193 Stowe St., Jamestown, N. Y.

313TH INF., 79TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 23, 24, 25. For information address Wm. J. Harvey, 1112 Madison ave., Baltimore, Md.

RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION CORPS—Former members of this outfit who served at Le Havre, Le Mans, Brest, Bordeaux, Paris and Tours and are interested in holding a reunion, address Walter F. Brentene, Room 1701, 295 Broadway, New York City.

146TH INF.—Fourth annual reunion, 146th Regiment Infantry Association at Wooster, O., Labor Day, Sept. 4. For particulars address Capt. Fred C. Redick, Wooster, O.

BATTERY "D," 324TH FIELD ARTILLERY—Fourth annual reunion of Battery "D," 324th F. A. Veteran Association at Springfield, O., August 20, 21, 22. For particulars address James L. Griffin, 932 Linden av., Springfield, O.

Conventions

Utah Auxiliary Caucus

CONVENTION: Voted to hold first annual Auxiliary department convention in Logan, Sept. 21, 22, 23, simultaneously with Legion state convention.

CO-OPERATION WITH THE LEGION AND THE WEEKLY: Pledged itself to support and aid The American Legion in the State and nation in all its aims and purposes. Resolved to co-operate with the American Legion Weekly in securing advertisements and subscriptions and to otherwise further the interest of the Weekly.

FLAG: Directed the department president to appoint a flag committee whose duty it shall be to enforce rules and regulations relative to the use of the flag.

POPPY SALES: Requested individual units not to participate in poppy sales to raise funds for French orphans, suggesting that some other means of raising this money should be provided.

PROTECTION OF U. S. UNIFORM: Petitioned U. S. Government to have all army goods dyed before placing them on sale, or to require purchasers to dye them.

SUPPORT OF U. S. PRODUCTS: Urged all Auxiliary members to purchase goods made in America only.

WELFARE: Urged co-operation with respective Legion posts in their welfare work. Recommended that local units send their local newspapers to service men away from home, particularly those in hospitals.

Iowa Auxiliary

AMERICANISM: Urged units to keep watch on pacifist propaganda in public and private schools. Advocated peace but with the provision that children be taught preparedness to preserve that peace. Urged co-operation with Department of Public Instruction in teaching citizenship in schools, and also with the educational committee of the Iowa State Bankers' Association in encouraging thrift as fundamental to good citizenship. Endorsed the sponsoring of one Flag Day each year, April 19th, Patriots' Day, in preference to Flag Day, June 14th, owing to schools being closed.

COMMUNITY WELFARE: Urged co-operation with all civic bodies, particularly in the establishing of public playgrounds, in the equipment of public rest rooms for women, in fostering community singing, in aiding municipal improvements with preference to unemployed ex-service men in the work, and in remedying the unsanitary conditions of public drinking fountains.

COMPENSATION: Vigorously endorsed the national Adjusted Compensation Bill.

EDUCATION: Demanded that our educational system be strengthened to meet pressing needs in Americanization and that our educators be supported in their efforts to stimulate the foreign elements to accept the basic principles of our government and institutions. Endorsed "The Short Constitution" by Judge M. J. Wade.

FINANCE AND DUES: Voted to have department annual dues remain at fifty cents per capita and the charter fee to be two dollars. Fee of fifty cents per capita to be collected in February of each year for the national fund for the decoration of overseas graves.

HOSPITALIZATION: Established Committee on Welfare and Hospital Relief as a permanent appointive committee.

MEMORIALS: Disapproved expenditure of any money for useless memorials until disabled and unemployed service men and women are properly cared for. Approved memorialization of public highways, streets and parks, particularly by tree planting.

MILITARY AFFAIRS: Demanded adequate protection of country with a standing army of not less than 115,000.

SOLDIERS' PREFERENCE: Petitioned President of the United States that all service men and women now holding public office be retained, regardless of political affiliation.



If old scenes are calling you over there Sail on Uncle Sam's Ships

"THE Yanks are coming!" "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" Are you going back to the lands where the kids sang those songs and whistled the tunes to them—back where the moss-covered cathedral spires of other centuries rose above the hills toward which you marched?

Will those French kids ever again ask you for a "cigarette papa?" and will you ever again travel in comfort over highways in which you were but an atom in the o.d. stream? Will you ever, on a dark night, sit again on the curbstone in front of some village gin mill where in other years you heard the broken roar of Jerry's engines and saw the long fingers of light pointing skyward?

Will you visit historic places over there of which you got but a glimpse in 1918-19 from the air hole in a "40 hommes—eight cheveaux"?

If these old scenes have called you back to old familiar places, make the trip on the ships of Uncle Sam's Merchant Marine—your ships. These great ocean liners now offer splendid accommodations to all classes of passengers going abroad.

Comfort, cuisine and service on these boats are not surpassed on the liners flying any other flag.

Conveniences for the traveler aboard these American ships makes them seem like the American clubrooms—there is an inter-deck telephone system, barber shops, movies, ballrooms, gymnasiums, bath departments.

You Legionnaires who were your own washing-machine on that war-time journey will appreciate the cleanliness aboard these boats flying the Stars and Stripes. Although there was water all around, you often had a mighty hard time getting to it and getting a spot to wash 'em and hang 'em up to dry. Salt water soap and salt water were not even an issue. A modern laundry, tailor and valet service are now at your disposal.

And you can now get full cabin passage to Queenstown and London for \$120—\$125 to Cherbourg. Fill out the coupon below and get the booklet of European travel facts.

Write for Free Booklets

Uncle Sam's ships now run between New York and Europe, New York and South America, San Francisco and the Orient, and Seattle and the Orient. If you are planning a trip overseas, send the coupon and read what Uncle Sam has to offer you. These ships are yours. Find out about them today. Send the information blank to your Government in Washington.

If you plan to go to Europe immediately write for information regarding sailings and accommodations to

INFORMATION BLANK To U. S. Shipping Board Information Section Washington, D. C. U. S. C 225-L

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government Booklet giving travel facts and also information regarding U. S. Government ships. I am considering a trip to Europe ☐ to The Orient ☐ to South America ☐ I would travel 1st class ☐ 2d ☐ 3d ☐ Going alone ☐ with family ☐ with others ☐ I have definitely decided to go ☐ I am merely considering the trip ☐ If I go date will be about.....

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Information Section C 225-L

Washington, D. C.

OH! HOW SHE COULD DANCE

But not without MUSIC!



YOU can have music wherever you go with this handsome Portable Phonograph

Read! How to get one

Music Hath Charms

and so have the fair ones who cannot live without it. How many times have you heard a crowd of happy people saying, "Oh, I wish we had some music, so we could dance"? The girl says, "Oh, I'm just crazy to dance, I can't keep my feet still," and he, poor fellow, must answer, "I'm sorry, but I don't know where we can get a phonograph, the one we have at home is too large to carry." That's the time when a portable phonograph would pay for itself fifty times and over.

A Prize Premium in the Big Game Hunt

This guaranteed portable phonograph is a prize premium in the Big Game Hunt. We offer it to all those who participate in this great Legion sporting event. The American Legion Weekly has commenced a campaign for two million subscribers. There are many valuable premiums in store for those who are successful in hunting the Two Million Circulation Bird.

It Costs You Nothing

You can have music wherever you go and it won't cost you a cent if you will send in the coupon on the bottom of this page. Put the ukelele and mandolin Romeos in the shade, let "Her" dance to the music of your portable phonograph. This coupon is a key to the music box—send it in and our phonograph offer will be music to your ears.

Address: The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

I want to get into the Big Game Hunt and help catch the Circulation Bird. Please tell me how I can have one of the guaranteed portable phonographs.

Name.....
Street.....
City and State.....
Post or Unit No.....

GET INTO THE BIG GAME HUNT

Keeping Step with the Legion

(Continued from page 19)

Friday. Buddy has done wonders for our Weekly. He's tackled—and successfully—almost superhuman sales jobs, rushing in where even a buck on leave would fear to tread.

Buddy first stepped into the limelight some two years ago, all decorated up in our pages with stave raiment. No clothing was then advertised in the Weekly, and Buddy, being a regular bird, refused to buy from manufacturers who did not patronize his advertising columns. This was a long chance to take, but Buddy was a good sport, and he knew Legionnaires the world over would come to the rescue of an old-timer in distress.

Up went an S.O.S. Buddy made no bones about his predicament. He had no sob stuff to spill. In the language of the army, he made his Patrick Henry appeal, "give me clothing, or I'll wear a barrel." And the coupons, from consumer, salesman and dealer, came rolling in.

Our coupon hero shook the dusty wood from his body. He wandered on the printed thoroughfares in the world's best clothing. He got underwear, garters, shoes, hats, neckties, collars—well, you fellows know the gamut as well as we do—you shoved the way—you fitted this bird out. It was you who sent him from the side streets in a barrel to promenade on the main boulevard.

The little human-interest stories about a product always interest an advertiser. One Legionnaire had carried a shaving brush of a widely-known brand for twenty-three years. It was still in service despite the efforts of a dog to separate bristles from holder.

We ran one talk on automobiles—Buddy hasn't a passenger car, and here's what N. Farina, adjutant of Judson P. Galloway Post of Newburgh, N. Y., wrote:

"I attended The American Legion state convention at Jamestown last September, and made the trip from here in a Dodge Brothers touring car, covering in all over one thousand miles, going and returning, and the only cost for repairs was the sum of twenty-five cents, which was for repairs to my artificial leg, which broke down on the trip."

The bill of repairs was enclosed. No advertiser could fail to heed a message of this kind.

Clyde G. Bliss, a Legionnaire of Newark, N. Y., says:

"I claim the record of having mailed you, since you began using coupons to back up your advertising department's soliciting activities, over 90 percent of all coupons that have been printed. How many buddies can beat this record?"

Joseph M. Linnemann, of St. Joseph, Minn., who is in the general merchandise business, has written some fifty or sixty letters to national advertisers boosting the Weekly. Other buddies have run close to this record.

Hood River Post, of Hood River, Ore., has a coupon box near the bulletin board in the club rooms. Many other posts have ways in which they tax buddies a coupon at every meeting.

Buddy says we don't get nearly enough coupons from the women, although an authority on coupons tells him that by far the most coupons clipped from all magazines for different purposes are sent by women. It looks as if we'll have Biddy in Calico as a running mate for Buddy. A member of the Auxiliary wrote in and

wanted to know why Mrs. Buddy hadn't blossomed out in print. She will. Watch her smoke.

A Boxer Objects

TOMMY MOORE of Jamestown, New York, whose letter proclaims him "Director of Boxers," comes to our court of appeals with a complaint which, if just, deserves at least to have such notice as we are able to give it in these columns. "I was 21 months in service," says Moore, "eleven of it in France. I did not enlist as a boxing instructor or try to get any place on boxing knowledge. I was a private for 11 months before they handed me two stripes which stuck to me until I got my \$60 and fare." Moore's outfit was the 306th Field Signal Battalion.

Here is his complaint:

Many Legion posts are today staging boxing shows at which an admission is charged and instead of trying to help out their own buddies they are throwing their work to many who never saw service. There are many boxers and managers that gave up their work and freedom for a dollar a day and abuse and their own buddies should at least throw all work possible their way when the opportunity presents itself.

Although a soldier and doing all the work I was instructed to do by all superiors in active service, I took part in over 150 boxing matches during my rest periods. Many of these bouts were staged in camp, some on the boat going over, and more in sunny France before and after November 11th.

I fought all I was pitted against, the majority pounds heavier than myself. Did I get paid? Oh, yes, twice. Once I got paid in Camp Jackson when I fought Kitty Diamond of the 27th Division in an inter-camp meet. How much did I get? Well, it sure would lessen my worth to everybody if I told that.

The second time I received compensation for boxing in the Army was at Aix-les-Bains, where I was on my furlough. By the way, that 29th Division doughboy sure was tough; he hit me with everything but the second loeys putties in the first two rounds. I finally reached him in the third with solid blows and in the fourth he must have thought of being on the briney deep. I lost the decision and therefore drew down 25 francs. My opponent, I think got 50 francs. He deserved it.

On my return from service, I tried to lease the building where I staged all my boxing shows before entering service. The owners, however, thinking their premises the only place available for such sport, raised their rent by claiming that boxing was a detriment to their building. Great way to greet a returned soldier, hey?

Now, to top it off, our own American Legion posts, staging boxing shows, will give you the deaf ear when trying to secure work and instead will give it to the shipyard birds. It is three years now since my return from service and two Pennsylvania posts have been the only ones to give me a chance. I don't want it all, but it would be a good idea for all American Legion posts staging boxing shows to make it a practice to give the bouts to as many ex-service men as possible.

"Stand Aside"

(Continued from page 10)

tricts the total number of beds would be unquestionably filled by patients now in unsuitable contract institutions, we claim that such a reduction is absolutely inconsistent with an honest attempt to provide permanent care for this class of patients.

You say:

"Because the Langley Bill has given us these millions of dollars, not mandatory, thank heaven, to use, let us be careful in the disposition of it so that finally those who are now charged with the responsibility of laying the foundation for this great proposition be given credit, with due sense and careful regard of the interests of the general public, for after all, this same soldiery and their progeny are to be the ones who must pay for what is given now."

If there ever was a bill which carried a moral mandate to the Government it was the second Langley Bill. You will remember that the Legion fought to have the money appropriated under this bill awarded to the Veterans Bureau. We won in this fight. It was a fight against your effort, against your appeal, to have this money awarded to the Federal Board of Hospitalization, of which you are Chief Co-ordinator. We were disgusted with the delays in the expenditure of the former appropriation of \$18,600,000. We did not want similar delays in the expenditure of this new appropriation. The purpose of the Bill and the expenditure to be made were clearly and definitely set forth in the preliminary hearings of the committee. They include 1050 beds for tuberculosis, 3800 beds for neuropsychiatric, and 600 beds for general and medical hospitals.

As a business man, and aware of the opinion of business men of this country, as well as that of the Legion, I want to state that there has never been shown any disposition on the part of the American people to economize at the expense of the real heroes of the war. The president of one of the largest business organizations in America wrote me:

"I have yet to come in contact with a man or woman who is not in full sympathy with providing the best that the land affords for disabled veterans. Mental disability is the most distressing of all, and to house victims of shell-shock with men who are crippled is cruelty, in my opinion. I am strongly inclined to think that there isn't a business man or a business institution in the country, of any size, that would not contribute generously to any plan that would insure the boys who went over the top receiving what they have earned—the best possible treatment."

I am confident that the future citizen is far more liable to condemn failure to provide the best possible care than he is to complain if better provision than was ever made before is made for these men.

Your statement that, "the peak of hospitalization has been passed and that there are now 10,000 beds vacant in government institutions" and "that we have hospitals enough except in two particular districts," it not only misleading but will tend to cause the American public to be satisfied with treatment which is unsatisfactory. The



Why Williams' Gives New Lather Luxury

1. It softens your beard—any beard—completely.
2. It limbers the skin makes it flexible.
3. Quickly bulks into thick, busy lather—not foam.
4. Holds its moisture to the end of the shave.
5. Leaves the skin cool, refreshed and blooming.

Look into this Mirror

It reflects what you get with Williams' Shaving Cream

You've got to shave all your life. Get as much pleasure from it as you can. Williams' will bring to your face the new luxury mirrored above.

—Softening lather that saturates each hair, no matter how stout the beard, and makes the razor's job as easy as it can be made.

—Creamy lather that makes your skin supple and flexible, takes out all stiff and leathery feel and leaves it glove smooth.

Remember, the Williams' lather is lather for the skin as well as for the beard.

Get-Acquainted Free!

We will gladly send you a "Get-Acquainted" tube of Williams' Shaving Cream Free. It will let you know the supreme luxury of shaving.

Just say "Shaving Cream" on a post card or clip the coupon. Do it to-day.

Williams'

Shaving Cream

GET-ACQUAINTED TUBE FREE

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.
Department 58.

I want to see for myself what you mean by a new luxury in shaving cream. Send me your free Get-Acquainted tube.

Name _____

Address _____

Do You Need Money?



WRITE TO ME NOW!

and I will tell you an easy way
to have more money to spend

Thousands of women have a vital need for more money—to properly bring up their family—to pay off a mortgage or buy a home—to educate their children—to pay doctor bills, etc. Many of them have been helped in this problem and now have money to spend and a permanent assured income by becoming our representatives and selling

World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear

to their friends and neighbors. As we have shown them, we can show you a fine, independent way to have more money to spend.

We've Helped More Than 25,000

They are now enjoying large and prosperous businesses with constantly increasing sales. With our help their incomes are growing larger every day. You can do the same as they have done. Write to-day! We will send you our beautifully illustrated catalog—shows how easy it is to become a World's Star Money Maker. Protected territory—prompt deliveries.

We have been in business
for twenty-seven years.



American Legion Rings



What better way of showing
your Legion membership than
with one of the OFFICIAL LE-
GION RINGS.

See your official jeweler
or write for catalogue.

EMBLEM DIVISION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

The American Legion, Indianapolis



SAY!

Thousands have; why don't you improve
your financial condition? Operate a
Kingery Popcorn Popper, Peanut
Roaster or Popcorn Fritter Outfit. 70
cents profit on every dollar. Many
styles and sizes. Popping 40 quarts to
12 bushels per hour. Roasting 12 quarts
to 5 bushels. Prices \$40 to \$1550. Lib-
eral terms. Catalog free.

KINGERY MFG. CO., Est. 1881
Dept. A. L. CINCINNATI, OHIO

experts of the country have repeatedly set up that the peak of hospitalization will not be reached until 1926. You have stated that these hospitals will not be long needed. Sir, they are needed now—the question of the length of time does not enter into the problem any more than it did when we set up hospitals at the front. They were needed. That fact alone was considered. Without a whimper we appropriated \$3,000,000,000 at the end of the war to discharge uncompleted contracts, scrapping temporary structures right and left. Is the disabled man's treatment alone to be given a parsimonious supervision?

The American Legion for four years has been trying to secure real medical care in government-owned hospitals for the mental and nervous wreckage of this war. For the first time, several months ago (in the passage of the second Langley Bill), we felt that the victory had been won and that an adequate hospital program would be put through with speed. Today over 4,500 mental cases are still in contract institutions and of the remaining 4,714 only 3,500 are in hospitals entirely devoted to their attention and cure. When you say that there are hospitals enough and beds to spare you unwittingly strike at the most defenseless and yet most important group we have in our hospitals, namely, those who are in contract institutions and who will have to remain there unless proper hospitals are constructed. If this is not done soon, the attempt to cure these men will be futile—many of them are now past help and will be subject to custodial care for the remainder of their lives.

The American Legion is whole-heartedly against the suggestion that any arrangement will do for the mentally and nervously sick. It is true that they have been shoved into over-crowded state institutions where the majority of the patients are dying, demented old people, or in general hospitals where only a partial temporary care can be given them.

Is it too much to ask the Government of the United States to put the 10,000 mentally and nervously disabled service men in hospitals owned and operated by the Government? These hospitals are not now in existence.

These men should be hospitalized as near their own homes as possible. I do not agree with your statement made before the Congressional Committee that "after 25 years' experience I should say that location as regards one's family is of no importance." I do not believe it because I know the

men who have been hospitalized too well (and I know how their families feel about it), and I know that their contentment and the encouragement of their friends is often the chief factor in their return to health and strength.

I recognize the fact that before becoming Chief Co-ordinator of the Federal Board of Hospitalization you had no contact with the men and women who were serving in the Army and Navy during the war and no experience either in the field or in government service that would give you a chance to really know how men feel who lose their nerves, their health and their minds in their devotion to duty or how their families look upon these men who went out in the strength of their youth to invest their life in their nation's service.

Those of us who served with them know that these men, many of whom have been hospitalized long periods, need the encouragement of their families and friends, and that encouragement is one of the chief factors in their restoration and cure. This is particularly true of the type for whom we are now asking the Government to provide hospitals.

It is almost unbelievable that having satisfied Congress that these hospitals were needed and that they should be built to capacity that we now have to reply to your statement that they are unnecessary. Sir, ask the boys in the contract asylums and their families, ask the men whose nerves have been shattered by this war, who have suffered for the lack of adequate hospitalization, ask the thousands or tens of thousands of people throughout the United States who no longer come to your office in Washington, but who are seeking for hospitals nearer home for those whom they have loved but have given to their country.

The reply of The American Legion and of every real American is: "Give these men the best care that medical science can provide in government institutions maintained at the highest standard or equipment and administration—and near to their own homes so that if rehabilitated they can be returned to civil life with greater ease and if doomed to a life of hospitalization they can be near those whom they love best."

Four years have already passed and the veteran is not yet provided for. A belated program is now being held up and changed. It is being changed to meet your approval.

I appeal to you, sir, to stand aside and allow this program of the Veterans Bureau to go into effect and at once.

Two Centuries of New Orleans

(Continued from page 17)

and spoon-twirled into being. A square or so away is the world-famed Haunted House, once the palatial domain of Madame Lalaurie. The story is still told of how a fire occurred there during her absence and how citizens, rushing in to put out the blaze, found slaves chained to the walls of their quarters, which were equipped with many of the most fiendish machines of the Spanish Inquisition, and dying of slow torture. Louis Philippe of France slept there once, as did the Marquis de Lafayette and Marshal Ney, the visitor is proudly told.

A short walk from the richly furnished domain of the beautiful but cruel lady one finds another romantic dwelling. It is the house (now a café) which was built in 1821 by a rich New Orleans merchant to house none other than Napoleon Bonaparte. The merchant, Nicholas Girod, entered into an agreement with the pirate, Dominique You, to execute a daring plan to join Napoleon on the Isle of St. Helena, lower him by rope ladders from the rocky prison to the fastest schooner obtainable and spirit him away to New Orleans. One is assured the plan would have been carried out

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Dw. 394 NEW YORK

if Napoleon had not died just when the voyage was to start.

These sights of the Vieux Carré and a hundred more, each with its thrilling tale, are the existing reminders of the wealth, the civic worth, the gaiety and the chivalry of Louisiana's city during its expansion after the devastating fire of 1788.

When the second period of change took place, after the Battle of New Orleans, the city developed rapidly. The year after the battle, expansion forced the citizens to throw down the city walls, fill in the moat, demolish the towers and battlements. The old moat, which protected the city on three sides, now is replaced by three of the widest streets in the country. The year after the battle the population was 33,000 and in 1840 it was 100,000—fourth in the United States.

The expansion caused two great additions to develop and the municipal boundaries to progress from the original crescent of the river to the present huge S of three bends. The section upstream from the old town was called the Faubourg Ste. Marie and the one downstream the Faubourg Marigny. The latter was laid out on the plantation of the Marquis de Marigny, who named the streets quaintly Love, Piety, Mystery, Greatmen, Champs Elysées, Religious. This section is now the site for railroad yards, warehouses, factories and middle-class dwellings.

The Faubourg Ste. Marie, the upstream section, has become the modern showplace of New Orleans. It was exploited by Americans who flocked to the city after the cession of Louisiana by Napoleon. Such jealousy developed between the three sections that at one time the State Legislature divided New Orleans into three cities, each with a separate government. The Faubourg Ste. Marie vied with the Vieux Carré in building luxurious dwellings, hotels and theaters. The Faubourg Marigny entered the race with picturesque structures. All three attempted to develop business sections, but the Creoles were not equal to the Americans in shrewdness, and by 1852 the Faubourg Ste. Marie had gained sufficient prestige to cause the other two cities, after twenty years of separation, to reunite with it. It retained the seat of government in its new city hall, which took over the offices of the old Cabildo.

Meantime, two geniuses of development—they would call them real estate promoters now—had laid out new streets, built permanent and magnificent hotels, warehouses, compresses and business blocks, reclaimed outlying land and transformed that gigantic quagmire now known as the First District into a new and wonderful city, the center of progress and refinement. A canal had been dug which took a great deal of lake commerce away from the old city and its canal. But the streets still retain double names—French names for those parts of them which lie in the Vieux Carré and American ones usually for those sections of the same streets which lie in what used to be the Faubourg Ste. Marie.

The distinctive architectural features of the three sections still stand. The great yellow fever epidemics and the Civil War reunited the people sentimentally as nothing but a common disaster and a common enemy can fuse distinct nationalities which have different creeds, cultures and standards. The story of the city during the carpet-



2400 telephone wires in a cable little larger than a man's wrist.

Science keeps down costs

When the Bell System installed its first successful telephone cable, fifty wires was the largest number that could be operated in a single cable without "cross-talk" and other interference. Today it would require 48 cables of the original type to accommodate the number of wires often operated in one cable.

Without this improvement in cable, the construction of new underground and aerial lines would have cost the Bell System upwards of a hundred million dollars more than has actually been spent. In addition, the cost of maintenance would have been greater by eighteen million dollars a year. These economies in the Bell System mean a saving in telephone rates to each individual subscriber.

In all branches of telephone

practice science has similarly contributed to economy. Even in such a comparatively small item as switchboard cords, improvements have reduced the cost of renewal by four million dollars a year.

Every new telephone added to the Bell System increases the usefulness of all telephones, but this multiplication tends likewise to increase the complications and the expense of service. The scientists of the Bell System, to offset this tendency, are constantly called upon to develop new devices which simplify complications and keep down costs.

By virtue of a united system the benefits of these improvements are shared by all subscribers—and the nation is provided with the best and cheapest telephone service in the world.



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No strikes. No lockouts. When everybody else is worrying about his job or looking for work, the U. S. Civil Service Employee is earning good, steady pay in a pleasant occupation of his own selection.
EARN \$1600 to \$2300. Let me train you to pass the U. S. Civil Service Examination with high rating so you can get a position quickest at \$1600 to \$2300 a year. I have trained thousands to successfully pass the examination. Money refunded if unsuccessful in securing a position. Write today. Service men given preference. Mail coupon for catalog.
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Patterson Dept. 638, Rochester, N.Y.
Sir: Send me without charge your catalog, describing this and other U. S. Government positions.
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Address _____

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Before finishing AUTO MECHANICS course at the **SWEENEY AUTO SCHOOL** Raynor is grabbed by the American Radiator Co. at \$150 a month. Big concerns can't wait—need Sweeney trained men now. Sweeney System of Practical Instruction—no books; TOOLS, real work—eight weeks—puts men **QUICK** into jobs **\$100 to \$400** monthly—from chauffeurs to garage managers. **NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE NEEDED.** If you are mechanically inclined **WRITE TODAY** for 72 page illustrated book; tells all you want to know about **FREE** **World's Greatest TRADE SCHOOL** and opportunities for men. If you like working on cars I will make you an amazing offer.

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Make \$60 to \$100 a Week
Introducing this wonderful new lamp. Gives soft, brilliant light; restful to eyes; ideal illumination. Burns Kerosene or Gasoline. Clean, odorless, economical. Burns 96% air, 4% fuel. Absolutely safe. Lights with match. 100 times brighter than wick lamps. Patented. Greatest improvement of age. Table lamps, hanging lamps, lanterns. Work all or spare time. You simply take orders. We deliver by Parcel Post and do collecting. Commissions paid same day you take orders. No experience necessary. Get started at once. Big season now on. Write today for catalog and special agents offer.

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Tire Agents Wanted
An auto owner in each locality to use and introduce **Mellinger Extra-Ply and Cord Tires**. Make big money part or full time. No capital or experience needed. Sample Sections Furnished. **GUARANTEED 8,000 & 10,000 Miles** (No Seconds). Hand made. Finest materials. Shipped prepaid on approval. **TIRES FOR YOUR CAR GIVEN** to one user in each locality. Be first to write quick for special Agents Offer and Low Wholesale Prices. **MELLINGER TIRE & RUBBER CO.**
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Worn with civilian clothes in parades, picnics, carnivals, dances, Conventions, etc. Wear the **POST CAP** to your State Convention! A distinctive Legion cap, made in snappy overseas model of high grade BLUE cloth and GOLD trimmings. Send \$2.00 for sample cap with your Post and State numerals embroidered. Money returned if not satisfied. State size and **ORDER NOW!** 5% Discount on orders two dozen and over.

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bagger days, the Negro regime and its overthrow, the long setback and the gradual return to normalcy is the story of every other Southern city. Despite the similarity of latter-day experience, however, the city of New Orleans has retained an individuality which sets it aside as unique not only in the United States but in the world. This distinction has come about through the remarkable blend of French, Spanish and Anglo-Saxon peoples, through the perpetuation of traditions established in the early days of lacy, racy aristocracy, and, among other things, through the civic consciousness of having accomplished the Herculean task of transforming a disease-breeding swamp into a municipal home whose drainage system is unequalled and whose death rate was the lowest of any city in the United States in 1921.

Women played an unusual part in developing the distinctive civilization of the city. Among the white women, think of the *filles de joie*, rounded up in the streets of French cities, herded aboard ship, and sent to a half-wild world as the grab-bag wives of the early settlers, and you have a mental picture of the first mothers of the city.

Contrast these desperate daughters with the *filles à la cassette*—what a difference that “cassette” made. They were girls chosen by order of the king for their good conduct and spotless reputations, dowered with caskets of finery, zealously chaperoned and sent to New Orleans for the young bachelors of position. They became the grandes dames of the city and ancestors of succeeding grandes dames. Their descendants, some of them, were among last winter's crop of society debutantes.

Then there were the girls from Spain, girls from the colonies and the venerated daughters of the *filles de joie*. Within a short time the Ursuline Sisters immigrated from Rouen and established a school which has never ceased to be a chosen place of instruction for the city's young ladies.

Among the colored population there were the Indian girls, whose presence caused Iberville, the first settler, to write for “wives for my woodsmen,” who appeared to have developed a fondness for the city's first wild women; the pure African negresses, the mulattoes, the beautiful and haughty quadroons, the octoroons and the griffes. These were divided by the early settlers into two classes—the Negroes and the *gens de couleur*, or mixed bloods. Most of the latter were immigrants from San Domingo and developed quite a social flair for a time with their separate section in the opera, their gay clothing and their jewelry.

The men were even more varied racially. Every nation and every color was represented, as well as every social stratum. Of the vast number of races and blends of races, however, there

were three which gave to the city and the State that charm which causes New Orleans to be the mecca for the traveler. These three were the Creoles, the ‘Cajans’ and the Gumbo Negroes. ‘Cajan’ is a corruption of the word Acadian, French-Canadian emigrants of whose exile from Acadia every school child who has used Longfellow's “Evangeline” knows. There is an Evangeline Parish, or county, up the river from New Orleans.

The city today holds as its inheritance from the Creoles a rich flavor of elegance, aristocracy, culture, gentility, dashing courage, wealth of magnificently furnished homes and quaintly beautiful customs. The Creole's fine temper, their duels, their romances, their sentiment, have filled many a volume of entrancing verse and prose. They have ever been anything but a common people, whether in luxury and wealth or in secluded, shabby gentility. To them the city owes its tradition of the magnificent Mardi Gras feast, with its carnival of brilliantly lighted streets, gay maskers, allegorical parades and carefree spirit. It owes to them an irreplicable code of honor between man and man. In a material way it owes them their generations of carefully trained chefs—a debt not to be treated lightly among a population noted for gourmets who are proud of being able to get the most tempting viands in the world in their city.

The ‘Cajans’ have affected the city civilization but little. In certain country regions, however, they have become a power. Their quaint sayings are quoted by all who visit them. They have intermarried until it is a common saying that they are all cousins.

The Gumbo negro of New Orleans is notable chiefly for his quaint and unintelligible patois. His speech is a mixture of French, Spanish, English and native African which only the long-suffering and patient linguist can understand. He is a being of mysticism, with a touch of voodoo in his makeup. And indeed it has not been so long since he was wont to foregather on St. John's Day at Congo Square, in the heart of the city, and, after the midnight hour, go through the contortions of the Bamboula under the strained eyes of the high priest, his consort and the serpent, to the following chant:

Eh! Eh! Bomba, hen, hen!
Canga bafio te,
Canga mouné de le,
Canga ko ki la
Canga li.

These three classes, which are to be found in no other city except New Orleans, complete the charm which its sub-tropical verdure, its equable climate, its magnificent port and the full vigor of its modern progressiveness will have for the Legion hosts who will visit it in October.

Putting Jack in the Post Till

(Continued on page 11)

baseball games, field days, carnivals, roundups, water carnivals. We could go on and name others, but we couldn't find a one which has been generally successful where the public hasn't been made to feel somehow or other that it's been given its money's worth in fun and enjoyment.

A report from Minnesota shows that the Gopher Gang has been especially

successful in securing money it has needed for club houses, the care of the disabled and other public or semi-public enterprises. And with its youth and its new ideas, its sense of humor and its ability to stir things up and keep them moving, the Gopher gang has managed to give the people of Minnesota their money's worth.

Things which the Legion has done

unaided by outside talent have been especially well patronized and well liked in Minnesota. This seems to be true everywhere. For instance, carnivals in which the home folks take the leading parts have been much more successful than similar entertainments put on by outside talent.

The Department of Minnesota has found home-talent plays especially productive of revenue. Each play on the list given below has brought posts from \$50 to \$800:

The Black Heifer	Man Without a
Blue Bandits	Country
And Ted Came Home	Nothing but the
Safety First	Truth
Spinsters' Convention	A Cheerful Liar
Trial of Hearts	Hurdy Gurdy Girl
Are You a Mason?	Mrs. Temple's Telegram
Jim's Girl	A Country Girl
Back to the Farm	Honeymoon Town
	'Way Down East

Musical comedies have netted Minnesota posts from \$50 to \$400 each, and a performance of "The Belles of Fol-De-Rol," put on with all home talent by the Cloquet Post, netted \$650. Here is the list of musical comedies which have gone best:

Leave It To Me	Johnny Get Your
Oh! Oh! Cindy!	Gun
Treasure Hunters	Windmills of Hol-
Million Dollar Band	land
Court of King Cole	White Hussar Band

Minstrel shows have netted from \$50 to \$250, with the exception of one put on by outside talent which lost \$70.

Pillager Post wrote and produced a vaudeville show picturing the first days of a rookie in camp which made \$60 above expenses in a very small town. "Stop Thief" made \$150 and an American Legion vaudeville \$500. An indoor Legion carnival, with vaudeville and squad drills, and so on, all by home talent, made \$100.

The Department of Virginia reports a musical comedy put on by Richmond Post, entitled "Aye, Aye, Sir," which brought in more than \$2,000. The cast was entirely local. They have a Legion club at Newport News which puts on subscription dances which are profitable from a financial standpoint and which help Legion and Auxiliary members to become acquainted with each other and with the friends of the Legion in the community.

Oregon falls in line with most other States by laying emphasis on dances as revenue producers. State Adjutant Harry N. Wilson says: "Weekly, semi-weekly or monthly dances in the majority of cases have proved very popular and of much benefit to the posts aside from increasing the exchequer."

Home-talent plays have also been popular in Oregon. Frequently a Legion post which presents a play successfully in its own town takes the road and gives productions in nearby places. Experience which the Department of Wisconsin has had, however, points to the possibility of one post's encroaching upon another unless some arrangement about division of profits is made. Wisconsin passed a resolution at its last convention officially discouraging the practice of individual posts' raising funds in statewide campaigns.

Posts in Oregon have worked out a plan for raising a lump sum of money which is an ingenious variation on ordinary methods of borrowing on the

future. What might be called entertainment bonds are issued in ten, twenty and fifty-dollar denominations. They bear no interest and are not payable in money but are redeemable as admission to any entertainment, play or dance that the post sponsors. In instances where a post owns its own club rooms and has a hall or banquet room for rent to fraternal and civic organizations many posts have issued these bonds and accepted them as half payment for rental charges, taking the other half in cash.

The Department of Kansas lays strong emphasis on dances as a source of revenue. They have brought in sizeable door receipts and promoted good feeling in the post and community. In connection with dances, several departments have pointed out the impropriety of holding them where local sentiment is against dancing and the importance in every case of proper supervision.

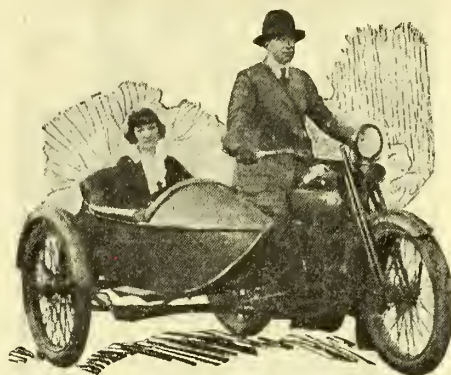
Boxing has been a profitable source of revenue in Kansas. Where state laws are liberal this sport has often been a good revenue producer. Hollywood Post of Hollywood, California, has erected an enormous stadium and paid for it with receipts from boxing matches held there. The need for watchfulness where boxing matches are promoted by the Legion is especially urgent. One department reports that the only instance of unclean sport sponsored by the Legion was a boxing match which was put on without a sufficiently thoroughgoing preliminary investigation. Wrestling matches have also proved financially successful in Kansas and in many other States.

Taking them all together the reports from state departments indicate that dances would probably head the list as a means of raising revenue; next would come entertainments, such as plays, vaudeville, musical comedies and minstrel shows; next bazaars, open-air carnivals and field days; then boxing and wrestling matches, baseball, basketball, and other athletic events.

With the Legion Film Service coming along the way it is, a good source of revenue for Legion posts is promised in putting on movie shows, in scores of posts that promise has already been realized.

Bright ideas in special stunts have won money for the Legion time and time again. Assistant Adjutant Claude A. Brown of Arkansas tells of a "circus of fakes" which has been successful in his State. All sorts of fake sideshows are a part of these entertainments. For instance, one bearing the sign, "For Men Only," would have some such thing as a pair of suspenders on exhibit. One post in Arkansas put on a fiddlers' contest with prizes for the best playing by old timers.

Idaho posts have been especially fertile in inventing stunts. Twin Falls has an annual festival, a feature of which is a "kangaroo court." This has brought in from \$300 to \$1,500. In Weiser during the annual fair The American Legion gets all concessions. The means to pay for \$4,000 worth of land and \$1,000 besides for a building fund have been made in this way. In Hazelton they hold what is known as an annual bushel drive. The members go out and solicit a bushel of farm produce from the farmers and later these are auctioned off. Five hundred to \$1,000 is usually secured through this event. In Caldwell they put on "The Days of Forty-nine" each year, a take-



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The American Legion Weekly
627 West 43d Street, New York

off on the old mining days of the West. The members of a post in New Hampshire act as waiters at the Elks' banquets each year, turning over all tips to the post's treasury.

Vroman Post of Casper, Wyoming, presented a wild West show which made a profit of \$1,000 and was considered the most pretentious effort of its kind that had ever been made in the State outside of the annual Frontier Days celebration at Cheyenne.

"Miscellaneous sales" where old odds and ends are solicited from the Legion's friends and then auctioned off have proved good fun-makers, besides being profitable.

If a post must have substantial contributions from its community, best results have been obtained in most cases by holding one big annual event rather than pursuing a piecemeal policy of asking for a nickel at a time. It may be a dance, an entertainment or a field

day, or it may even be a poppy or a daisy sale day. Whatever form it takes, departments agree that the post should make a special effort to acquaint the public with the purpose for which the money is wanted if generous contributions are asked for. It is essential to arrange for these annual events well in advance and give them extensive publicity. Tag days seem to be defunct. Of course entertainments or events where money is only incidental are an entirely different matter. The more of them the better.

It's difficult to summarize and it's difficult to lay down hard and fast rules in regard to money-making methods for Legion posts. But this much is certain—no case has come to our knowledge where a post went far wrong by giving the public its money's worth. And we might add it is our observation that most posts of the Legion know how to do it.

Bushwhacking Before Kitza

(Continued from page 7)

pretty well taped. We'll let them have it when you give us the word. Where are those shells landing that he's sending over?"

"Most of them are long, and quite a few are going into the woods to the left of us. They're just shooting blind to buck up this patrol they've sent out."

The Bolo formation had almost reached the bend in the road, and the lieutenant could now see only the rear of it. The post on the left flank of the forward position, however, could see for fifty yards along the road from the clearing to the bend, where the Bolos had a sentry post. They had orders to hold their fire until there was a mass to shoot at. Ballard, the sergeant at this post, who had served in the Philippines, was a veteran at this game. His Vicker's guns were laid on the bend and his men brushed the snowflakes off and rearranged the ammunition belts, carefully blanketing them against the cold. The fresh snow on their sandbags was perfect camouflage.

On the other flank, the lieutenant could no longer see the Bolo force, and the signaller buzzed for the artillery village.

"Are you all ready, Doug?" he said when he got Winslow. "Better give them all you have, then I'll give you the corrections. Just a minute, now—"

The rattle of machine gun fire in short bursts from the left interrupted him.

"Fire!"

Ballard had found a target, for scattering rifle shots broke out from the other edge of the clearing, some of them well around to the left, showing that the Bolos were taking up a position. Then the Canadian guns spoke up with a unanimous report and the forward position heard the shells sing by and saw them break into puffs of white smoke at the tree tops, spattering the woods with shrapnel. The Bolos replied, and a close one jolted sand bags off the blockhouse. A shell splinter caught Shorty Hayes as he was coming along the path from the post on the road and tore a gash in his thigh. The forward position was now firing briskly at every movement on the opposite side of the clearing, and the Bolos were raking the

woods with everything they had. The lieutenant was giving rapid instructions to the artillery.

"Shorten fifty yards, Doug, and come again."

Almost at once the shrapnel came. The shells broke in a ripping volley squarely above the edge of the clearing, in a pattern the width of a company front. Firing from the Bolo infantry stopped for a moment and then opened up frantically at their extreme right and left.

"How's that?" came from the artillery village.

"Perfect, Doug! That was great! Now sweep the edge of the clearing at that elevation for a couple of hundred yards. Let 'em have it."

The splendid gunnery that followed was an example of the reason why the handful of Allied troops had been able to hold these river towns and positions so stubbornly against five to one. They fired again on the same target, the shellbursts centering on the road, and then each gun did rapid-fire, shifting its aim each time a fraction to the left. Like a forest fire, the bursting shells concentrated on the road at the edge of the clearing and spread gradually to the left, each puff of smoke overlapping the former. The sound of them beat a regular tattoo. And the machine guns of the forward position made snare drum accompaniment.

The Bolo rifle fire was now stuttering badly, but their shelling redoubled. A piece of shrapnel accounted for Skaggs at a listening post on the left flank. The whizzbang snapped now and then, but did nothing more than add to the racket. Presently the Bolo guns lifted and ranged on Kitza and the artillery village. Their infantry had stopped firing except for stray shots.

Winslow was on the phone. "What do you say, Dick?" he said.

"I guess that'll hold them for awhile. You'd better take a crack at Vistavka for luck."

He turned to Brankin, who was intent with his binoculars again, and said, "I'll send your relief right out." He started to leave.

"Just a minute, lieutenant," Brankin called. "Look here!"

He passed over the glasses and the

lieutenant sighted along the river bank. He knew then that the Bolo attack was over. The road was dotted with hurrying figures of men, with here and there a sleigh piled high. The men were not in military formation, however. They

were not even keeping together, and some of them were moving much faster than others. The snow was falling now, and the early Arctic dusk seemed to close in rapidly. The figures on the road were going back to Vistavka.

The Rising Tide of Veterandom

(Continued from page 9)

F. Miller of the First Washington District in the September primary in that State. Col. John H. (Machine-Gun) Parker of the 26th Division is trying to induce the Republicans of Missouri to give him a try-out against Senator James A. Reed or whomever the Democrats nominate for the Senate. John G. Emery, former National Commander of The American Legion, is seeking to beat Senator Townsend for the Republican nomination in Michigan. State Senator Arthur Day, wounded in action, is making things fly in Ohio in an attempt to land the Republican nomination for governor. In the Eighth Ohio district Carl W. Smith, a World War veteran, is after the Democratic nomination for Congress. Clarence J. McLeod, youngest member of the 66th Congress and an ex-service man, wants to return to Congress from the 13th Michigan District. Robert G. Simmons, past department commander of the Nebraska Legion, is in the field in the Sixth Nebraska District for the Republican nomination for Congress.

The most dependable barometer of veteran influence in the nation's politics, the most accurate criterion of its rise or fall, will be found to be the number of ex-service men in Congress. How that influence has steadily mounted is reflected in the fact that there are 31 veterans in the 67th Congress as compared with 23 in the 66th. Should this percentage of increase in the veteran membership be no more than maintained, there will be at least 41 ex-service men in the 68th Congress, to be elected in November. Workers in the Congressional committees of the two big parties who are in close touch with the situation, however, say that the actual number of ex-service men who will win seats is nearer 75. While this is nothing like the showing ex-service men have made in France, where 350 of the 605 members of the Chamber of Deputies are veterans of the World War, it is unquestionable evidence that like a sleeping giant beginning to awaken, America's soldier citizenship is gradually arousing itself

from its state of post-war exhaustion.

It should be noted in particular that the doors of the sedate and dignified United States Senate, hitherto just opened sufficiently to the veterans to let one of their number squeeze in, Senator Elkins of West Virginia, are now about to spring wide open to their touch. In the opinion of expert observers, the election of at least two ex-service senators in November is certain, Brookhart in Iowa and Reed in Pennsylvania; the election of one, Arentz in Nevada, is probable, and the election of two others, Emery in Michigan and Parker in Missouri, is possible. The Democratic ex-service candidate for the Senate in Pennsylvania is not classed as a possibility owing to the overwhelming Republican vote in the Keystone State. At any rate, it now seems there will be a goodly half squad of veterans in the Senate of the 68th Congress.

There are signs, too, aplenty on the political horizon that point to a growing restiveness on the part of the veteran. The organization and activity of the Veterans Civic League in Pennsylvania, the Washington Veterans Association in the State of Washington, the Ex-Service Voters League in Indiana, the Enlisted and Drafted Men's Protective Association in New York, a Veterans League in Niobrara County, Wyoming, a Veterans Association in Mesa County, Colorado, and a Democratic Ex-Service Men's Organization in Chicago are all attempts, however futile and misguided in some instances they may be, on the part of the veterans to speak out in meeting on some of the things they are carrying nearest their hearts.

All these are the advance rumblings of a mighty power, a power to which has been committed, according to no less a person than the President of the United States, the national destiny. "Since The American Legion is consecrated to the preservation of the Constitution and the maintenance of law and order in this republic, the United States of America is everlastingly secure."

The Happy Warriors

(Continued from page 6)

Of course there is no use pretending that the doughboy has any money to throw around after the first week of the month. He wouldn't—not if you paid him a million dollars. But throughout that first week he is a spending fool. With a bed-check tucked in his pocket, he sallies forth from the Barracks in Ehrenbreitstein and summons a taxi. When he alights at the first of his favorite beer-gardens he bids the taxi wait. When he saunters out two hours later, he decides lazily that he might as well keep the car for the rest of the day, as Gretchen might take it into her flaxen head to want to drive over to Bad Ems to dinner. When he finally

dismisses the fellow at midnight, he tosses that gratified underling a tip large enough to pay the rent for the next month.

They say that for the first four or five days of each month it is impossible for officers to get taxis in Coblenz. I know that at the baseball game on July fourth the officers' bleachers were full and the men's bleachers were empty. The men's bleachers were empty because they had all driven out with their girls to see the game and had decided that it would provide more comfortable seating arrangements just to keep the cars for the afternoon.

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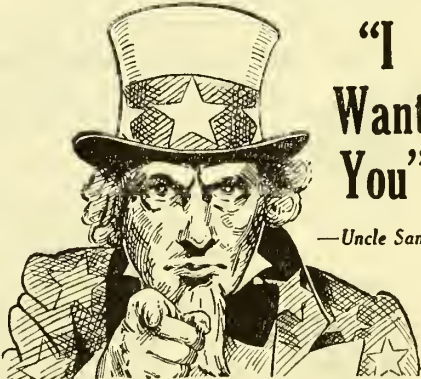
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crap is downright disgusting. There is one corporal in the Eighth Infantry who has had for some time such a run of luck that the fifth day of each month would find him in possession of the total mobile wealth of his company, whose members tell the tale of him in every beer-garden and take a curious morbid pride in his success. The corporal has an American wife. He rented a fine home up the Rhine for her, bought her a car and sent a check to America for her to join her lordly consort. At the same time Mrs. Allen, wife of the commanding general, was returning to Coblenz from a visit to her folks. She returned on an army transport. The corporal's wife sailed on the Aquitania.

Of course the condition which makes the tenancy of the A. F. in G. so agreeable to the tenants is not entirely economic. The spot itself is charming, and within easy distance a hundred wonderlands beckon to the soldier on leave. He can and sometimes does go to France, curious to see the celebrated country, for you must remember that of the remaining 1200 fully half not only were not in the A. E. F. but have never been in France, never heard the words "Compree cognac?" in all their days. More often, the soldier with three weeks of holiday every six months runs down to Wiesbaden on an overnight pass to hear the Kaiser's beloved "Oberon" sung at the opera there and starts on a walking tour through the Black Forest. Or he takes the baths at Carlsbad along with the idle gentry of the world. Or he can—and usually does—go down to Oberammergau to attend the Passion Play. That is a curious freak of history, isn't it? Among the many wildly incongruous consequences that were unforeseen when Woodrow Wilson signed the declaration of war in April, 1917, we should record this one—that American soldiers, patrolling German soil as a means of collecting the indemnity, should spend their leave time in the summer of 1922 attending the dramatic representation of Christ's trial and crucifixion enacted under Bavarian skies by enemy peasants.

Then, in addition to the economy and the variety of life on the Rhine, you must add the very real hold the Rhinelanders have on the affections of our soldiers. It is mutual. It began at the beginning when, in striking and telltale contrast to the manner of the French Army, the conquering Americans sort of ambled amiably rather than swaggered into Coblenz. It has grown with the intervening years, moreover, for the Germans feel that the presence of our troops on the Rhine and the effect of our representative on the High Commission are factors which temper the severity of the occupation.

If you doubt the genuineness of the doughboy's content and the reciprocal affections involved, you should have witnessed the departure of the last detachment in May. There were all the sweethearts and cronies out on the platform waving the train on its way, recalling nothing quite so vividly as the scenes of farewell when the troop trains started for the camps on the coast in America back in 1917 and 1918. And there was the train itself plastered with huge signs which proclaimed in German, "I'm coming back again." And when recent transports have sailed, then softly, sheepishly, there would come out of hiding in all the little villages back as far as Bittsburg and

Prüm certain A. W. O. L.'s who had been ordered home and who now explained that they had taken too much beer and, to their great regret, overslept and missed the boat. Mere court-martials for drunkenness had no effect. There had to be a ferocious order threatening to send all such young rascals home on naval colliers in the future.

Or you should be watching from behind the hedge when, as has sometimes happened, a handful of our troops have thought it best to intervene in ructions between the French soldiers and the German villagers. That intervention on more than one occasion has taken the form of terrifying war-whoops and ended by the Americans chasing the startled French soldiers breathless down the road.

Or you should have seen the enjoyment and good nature and neighborliness with which the natives entered into the celebration of our Fourth this year. At night, when Ehrenbreitstein was ablaze with red and green fire (as if the suspended French order to blow it up were already being executed), they cheered wildly from the river bank. And in the morning, at the facetious athletic contests held in the Clemmens Platz, the Germans in the ringside mob outnumbered the Americans nine to one, and that they knew personally each and every one of the contestants could be gathered from the intimacy of their encouragements. Tom, Dick and Harry were exhorted to win in thick German and cries of "Geh' schnell, Billy! Geh' schnell!" fairly split the air.

Not that life there is all cakes and ale. Our detachment has shrunk so that we have no troops outside Coblenz itself and General Allen finds himself commanding large contingents of French instead. But the Army has a genius for inventing tasks for men who have nothing to do. There is more than the ordinary ration of drill, with strict and continuous rifle practice on the range out Andernach way.

Now all the talk turns on the question—the idle, helpless speculation—as to how long the Government back home will let the picnic last. A month? Six months? A year? Two years? Certainly not even the General himself knows. And, in the common uncertainty, no preparations for a fine, dramatic exit can be made. One may be permitted to guess, however, that General Allen would like to make his last gesture in the Rhineland a final postscript on that curious Napoleonic relic which is still one of the sights of Coblenz. Passing through on his way to Moscow, Napoleon set up a pedestal inscribed in honor of his Russian campaign and intended, on his return, to adorn it with a little statue of himself. Unfortunately for the perfection of this scheme his adventure in Russia was not one that he cared to recall, and so the pedestal was left vacant. A Russian general, fighting with the forces that closed in on the Corsican a few years later, passed it by, read the boastful inscription, added "Seen and approved" and signed his name.

General Allen would rather like to finish the story, but as yet he has been unable to think up a better closing line than the one which a passing doughboy scribbled there some time ago. The doughboy gave one look at that pedestal with its two inscriptions and added a third. He wrote: "O. K.—Jack Pershing."

Buddy in the Barrel Holds the Objective

For a long while Buddy in the Barrel was shorter on equipment than the Kaiser is on war souvenirs.

But slowly and surely he "built Rome." The first objective he was able to carry was garters; then he went over the top for collars. Concentrating his coupon forces, he carried the clothing trenches. While he was getting in new duds (at-ten-shun) his collar slipped off and was lost in the mud, or perhaps carried away by a trench rat. He went back to mop up and got his socks. At this time Buddy was advancing like a frog in an incinerator—jumping ahead two feet and slipping back one.

Hats and shirts he carried, losing the white garters. And later, he picked up underwear and got his garters in position again. Valley Forge had nothing on Buddy for shoes at this time, but a further appeal to his Comrades brought him footwear that he is proud of. Here he was set back in hats, but got promises they would be sent up the lines again a little later. And then—hot dog—Buddy staged a come-back for collars.

And all the while, for fear he would lose his clothing, Buddy was still dragging his barrel along.

At this stage of the game, we find Buddy in a nice dry trench, pretty well protected from General Cancellation of Advertising. His forces are assembled—clothing, business opportunities, schools, toilet articles, ammunition and fire-arms, army goods, furniture, dessert, writing materials, smoking goods, sport equipment. They are all listed in his Directory.

But above his little fort is the snake-like SOS. He is calling on Legionnaires to help him hold the objective—to hold what he has until he can bring up new forces for a powerful fall offensive.

Are we with him? You tell 'em, you readers who have helped in this Skirmish of Coupons.

Here's how! Attached is a little coupon. It's brand new. The dots have never been used. Will you, Mr. and Mrs. Legionnaire, put thereon the names of articles you have purchased as a result of their being advertised in our Weekly during the past year.

We want to show advertisers that our readers are loyal—that our motto, "They advertise, let's patronize" means something.

Let's help Buddy hold these objectives which with so much trouble he has gained during the past year, by telling our advertisers via the little old coupon method, that their patronage of our advertising columns has produced real sales results.

The coupon is exhibit A, but if you need more space don't hesitate to write a letter.

And, while you are helping Buddy in this way to hold these objectives, we'll promise, with this ammunition, to go out and get this stave representative of ours still more equipment.



To the Advertising Manager,
627 West 43d St., New York City.

As a direct result of advertising which ran in our Weekly, I have purchased goods as follows:

This coupon is for all live-wire Legionnaires and Auxiliary members to fill out. But if you are a dealer or salesman handling this line, please indicate by check mark. . . .dealer. . . .salesman.

Name.....

Address.....

Post.....

OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad. in

AUTO ACCESSORIES	
VVVVElectric Storage Battery Co.....	26
Liberty Top & Tire Co.....	
BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS	
VVAmerican Pub. Co.....	
BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES	
VAkron Lamp Co.....	26
American Woolen Mills.....	27
Coffield Tire Protector Co.....	30
Harsha Battery Co.....	
VJennings Mfg. Co.....	30
Kingery Mfg. Co.....	24
VVLightning Calculator Co.....	30
Mac-O-Chee Mills.....	
Madison Shirt Co.....	
VVMellinger Tire & Rubber Co.....	26
Monogram Letter Co.....	23
VProgress Tailoring Co.....	
Worlds Star Knitting Co.....	24
ENTERTAINMENT	
Brazel Mfg. Co.....	
VJohn B. Rogers Producing Co.....	
FOOD PRODUCTS	
VVVThe Genesee Pure Food Co....	Inside Front Cover
HARDWARE	
VVSimmmons Hardware Co.....	
HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES	
VVHartman Furniture & Carpet Co.....	3
Rat Biscuit Co.....	
INSURANCE	
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.....	
INVESTMENTS	
G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.....	29
JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS	
VVAmerican Legion Emblem Division.....	24, 27, 30
VJoseph De Roy & Son.....	
VVFlour City Ornamental Iron Co.....	

"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

VVB. Gutter & Sons.....	24
VIngersoll Watch Co.....	
VVJohn Polachek Bronze & Iron Co.....	
MEDICINAL	
VBauer & Black.....	
MEN'S WEAR	
VVCluett, Peabody & Co.....	
VVKahn Tailoring Co.....	
VNu-Way Street Suspender Co.....	
VVRelliance Mfg. Co.....	26
VL A. Smith & Co.....	
VWilson Brothers.....	4
MISCELLANEOUS	
Cole & Company.....	
Philadelphia Key Co.....	
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS	
VVBuescher Band Instrument Co.....	
PATENT ATTORNEYS	
VJ. L. Jackson & Co.....	30
VVVVWacey & Lacey.....	26
SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION	
VAmerican School.....	
American Technical Society.....	
Bliss Electrical School.....	
VVChiengo Engineering Wks.....	

of ADVERTISERS

our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

Civil Service Correspondence School.....	
V Columbus Institute.....	
Empire Linotype School.....	30
VFederal Schools, Inc.....	
VFirst Hawaiian Conservatory of Music.....	
VVVVFranklin Institute.....	29
VAlexander Hamilton Institute.....	
VVIlinois College of Photography.....	30
VVLa Salle Extension University.....	
VVPatterson Civil Service School.....	25
VVRahe Auto & Tractor School.....	28
VVVStandard Business Training Institute.....	
VVVWSweeney School of Auto-Tractor-Aviation.....	26
VVVF. W. Tamblin.....	
VVUnited Y. M. C. A. School.....	
SMOKERS' NEEDS	
VVAmerican Tobacco Co.....	
VVLiggett & Myers Tobacco Co.....	
SPORTS AND RECREATION	
VVHarley-Davidson Motor Co.....	27
VHendee Mfg. Co.—Indian Motorcycles.....	
VVMead Cycle Co.....	
VRussell's, Inc.....	
STATIONERY AND WRITING MATERIAL	
VVVV Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.....	
TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH	
VVAmerican Telephone & Telegraph Co.....	25
TOILET NECESSITIES	
Gillette Safety Razor Co.....	
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VVThe Peppodent Co.....	
J. B. Williams Co.....	23
TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION	
VU. S. Shipping Board.....	21
TYPEWRITERS	
V Oliver Typewriter Co.....	
VVTypewriter Emporium.....	Back Cover
VARNISHES, PAINTS AND STAINS	
VS. C. Johnson & Sons.....	

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. VV THE TWO, VVV THREE AND VVVV FOUR STRIPERS ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE VVVVV FIVE STRIPERS ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," Issue of February 6, 1920. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY
ADVERTISE,
LET'S
PATRONIZE

THEY
ADVERTISE,
LET'S
PATRONIZE

Actual photo
of one of our
rebuilt
Underwood
Typewriters



**\$3
DOWN**

STANDARD UNDERWOOD

Rebuilt like new. Every typewriter is factory rebuilt by typewriter experts. New enamel—new nickeling—new lettering—new platen—new key rings—new parts wherever needed—making it impossible for you to tell it from a brand new Underwood. An up-to-date machine with two-color ribbon, back spacer, stencil device, automatic ribbon reverse, tabulator, etc. In addition, we furnish FREE water-proof cover and a special Touch Typewriter Instruction Book. You can learn to operate the Underwood in one day.

From Factory to You

Yes, only \$3 brings you this genuine Rebuilt Standard Visible Underwood direct from our factory, and then only small monthly payments while you are using it make it yours; or, if convenient, pay cash. Either way, there is a big, very much worth-while saving, too. Genuine, new Underwood parts wherever the wear comes—genuine standard, four-

row, single-shift keyboard—thoroughly tested—guaranteed for five years.

\$3 Puts It in Your Home

You don't even have to scrimp and save to pay cash. Instead, you pay only a little each month in amounts so conveniently small that you will hardly notice them, while all the time you are paying you will be enjoying the

use of and the profits from the machine.

10 Days' Free Trial

Remember, you don't even have to buy the machine until you get it and have used it on 10 days' free trial so that you can see for yourself how new it is and how well it writes. You must be satisfied or else the entire transaction will not cost you a single penny.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.
C-251 Shipman Bldg., Montrose and Ravenswood Aves.

Send by return mail Bargain Offer No. C-251 of a Standard Visible Writing Underwood. This is not an order and does not obligate me to buy.

Name
Street or
R. F. D. No.
Post
Office State

Mail TODAY! Act NOW!

Now is the time when every dollar saved counts. Let us save you many dollars. Don't delay. Get this wonderful easy payment bargain offer now, so you can send for and be sure of getting your Underwood at a big saving—on our easy terms or for cash.

SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO.

(TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM)

C-251 Shipman Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Montrose and Ravenswood Aves.



All shipments made direct to you from our big modern factory (shown above)—the largest typewriter rebuilding plant in the world